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PROGRESSIVE SERIES.

MY SIXTH BOOK.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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MY SIXTH BOOK.

SECTION I.

THE SAVAGE AGE.

A LONG, long time back, you could not have seen the face of the ground in the land where we now dwell. Great wide woods hid it from the sight of the eye, and wild men dwelt in them. Few of these men had hats, or coats, or shoes; but they put red, black, or blue paint on their bare skins, to make them look more fierce. Some few who dwelt in Kent, and near the south coast, had huts in which they slept at night, but the rest slept where they could, at the roots of trees, or in holes of the rocks. These last found their food in the chase. They had small bows, from which they shot reeds, with tips on them made of flint. They had spears, too, with which they killed the deer, or wild beasts of the wood. They ate their flesh, and with the skins spread over thin bits of wood they made boats to cross the streams with; and the boats were so light that each man could bear his own boat on his back. They were quite wild, and grew more and more so as you went north.

In the south were found tribes which kept herds of cows. They drank part of the milk, and made cheese of the hard curd. They wore coats and cloaks made of the skins of beasts. They had huts to sleep in, and were less wild than the tribes which dwelt to the north of them; but they too were rude, as all men are till they learn to till the ground, and raise corn with which to make bread.

The tribes that dwelt in Kent, and down by the south and west coasts, were not so wild as the rest. These came from the land which we now call France, but which then bore the name of Gaul. They brought with them arts which were not known here. They could till the ground and raise corn. They knew how to make a kind of bread, which they ate. They had ships, in which, though small and rude, they went and came, and drove a sort of trade with Gaul. They spun flax, and made clothes out of it. They had swords and spears, and long shields, for war, and fought in cars which they drove with much skill. Two men stood in each car; one to drive, and one to fight. And the man who fought would run on the pole, jump to the ground, throw his dart, and jump back again with great speed.

These men of Kent had huts to live in, made of the boughs of trees, with roofs of reed. They had chiefs, whom they called kings, to lead them to war and to rule them in peace. But the kings in those days could not have had much power, since we find two or three or more kings in Kent.

GLEIG'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

ear'-nest.	war'-ri-or.	trav'-el-ler.
dark'-en-ing.	si'-lent-ly.	tri'-umph.
fol'-low-ing.	bur'-i-al.	haunt'-ed.

CHILD! amidst the flowers at play,
While the red lights fade away;
Mother! with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father! by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray:—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller! in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner! haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive! in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor! on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior! that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman! o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

HEMANS.

THE DOG AND THE SNOW.

al'-ways.	some'-times.	win'-ter.
se-vere'.	pass'-ing.	be'-ing.

A LONG way from this place there is a land where the cold is always very severe. Much snow falls there, and the hills are so large and so high that their tops seem to reach the clouds. Some good men live there, who do all they can to help those who need to cross these hills. People passing that way sometimes sink in the snow, and the cold makes them so weak and faint that they sleep till the cold and frost kill them.

Well, these good men, who live in a house in the midst of the high hills called the Alps, keep some large dogs, and they teach them to go out to seek for those who may be lost in the snow drifts.

When these dogs have found a man, they bark till they bring some of the good men to the place, and then they, with the aid of the dogs, take the poor man out of the snow, and help him to their house, where they give him food to eat, and fire to warm him.

One cold winter night, when the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill, it being quite dark, with not a star to be seen in all the sky, these good men sent out a very large dog to search for those who might want help. In an hour or two the dog was heard to bark at the gate, and when the men went out they saw the dog there with a boy on his back. The poor child was stiff with cold, and could hardly hold himself on the dog's

back. The men took him in, and when he was warm, and had some food, he told them that he had been too ill and weak to walk, and had lain down at the side of the path. The snow was falling fast on him, when he felt something pull him by the coat. Soon after he heard the bark of a dog close to him, and, putting out his hand, he felt the hair of the dog, which pulled his coat once more. This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog, and drew himself out of the snow; but he felt that he could neither stand nor walk. He then got up on the dog's back, put his arms round his neck, and thus held on. He felt sure the dog did not mean to hurt him; and he rode on the dog's back all the way to the house of the good men, who took care of him till the snow was gone, when they sent him to his own home.

CATCHING A PONY.

un-fast'-en.	gath'-ered.	gal'-loped.
re-mem'-bered.	sud'-den-ly.	can'-tered.
pranc'-ing.	cheat'-ing.	mead'-ow.

WILLY went to unfasten his pony; but when he got to the tree to which he had tied him he found that Coco had unfastened himself, and had gone prancing away he knew not whither. After hunting about for some time, he saw him at a distance, quietly feeding on the grass. He ran up to him; but just as he put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Coco, who wished to enjoy his freedom a little longer, turned suddenly round, kicked up his hind legs, and galloped away. Willy thought himself

lucky not to have been within reach of his heels when he kicked up; however, he was quite at a loss what to do. At last he remembered that when the pony was at grass in the meadow, and the groom wished to catch him, he put a little corn into a sieve and held it out to the pony. The pony came up to him to eat the corn, and then the groom laid hold of his mane, threw a halter over his neck, and led him quietly to the stable. Now, it is true that Willy had neither sieve, corn, nor halter. "But then," he said, "the pony will eat grass as well as corn; my hat will serve for a sieve, and as for a halter, I shall not want one, for the pony has his bridle on, and I can catch hold of that." So he gathered a few handfuls of grass and put them into his hat.

A man who was digging in the common asked him what he was going to do with the grass? Willy told him it was to catch his pony. "Oh, then," said the man, "you need not take so much trouble; if you hold out your hat empty it will do just as well, for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty till he comes close up to it, and then you can catch hold of the bridle while he is looking into the hat." "But that would be cheating him," cried Willy, "and I will not cheat anybody, no, not even a beast." "Well said, my good boy," replied the man. "Besides," added Willy, "if I cheated him once he would not believe me another time." He then went up to his pony, and held out his hat; the pony came quietly up to him, and Willy seized hold of his bridle, and cantered home as fast as he could.

JANE MARCET.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

broth'-er. | sum'-mer. | droop'-ing. | wan'-der-ings.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me."

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He cannot come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
So thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me staid
Would I had loved him more!"

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—DILIGENCE.

con-sid'-er.	sloth'-ful-ness.	sat'-is-fied.
dil'-i-gent.	in-struc'-tion.	trav'-el-leth.
un-der-stand'-ing.	pro-vid'-eth.	pov'-er-ty.
o-ver-se'-er.	gath'-er-eth.	vine'-yard.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing. He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster. Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger. Love not sleep lest thou come to poverty: open thine eyes and thou shalt be satisfied with bread. The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour. He saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets. I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken

down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction.

He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand: but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame. Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds. The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of thy field. And thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the maintenance for thy maidens.

DREAMING AND DOING.

af-ter-noon'.	sun'-shine.	thou'-sand.
hay'-ricks.	slug'-gard.	some'-times.
con-cerns'.	or'-chard.	in-tend'-ing.
gar'-den.	bot'-tom.	yield'-ed.

ONE afternoon farmer Hodges found Arthur and Luke on a seat in the garden talking rather loudly.

"Well, my lads, what is the matter now?"

"Why, Uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing!" said the farmer; "that way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are all like weeds, which sometimes show

their heads on my land; but I root them out, for they would soon spoil my profits.

"You see these hayricks. Do you think that by wishing I should ever have got them here? No; the scythe, the rake, and the hayfork were set to work. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone, and here the ricks are. Look at those piles of corn in the barn yonder. They are part of last year's crop. There are no better in the parish; but how did they all come there? It was not by dreaming about it. I ploughed and sowed. God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine, and in the proper season we set to work with the sickle. The corn is now safe in the barn, and will soon be carried to market.

"Look at those peas at the bottom of the garden. If I had not sown them early in the spring, and seen well to them, they would not have yielded such a supply for our table as they do.

"I think, then, Luke, that it is quite clear, if anything is to be done, it should be done without delay; and we must be diligent at whatever work we take in hand, whether we be schoolboys or farmers.

"If wishing and intending be a bad plan for the things of this world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. There are thousands who mean to attend to the care of their souls before they die, while they dream away life, and at last die in their sins.

"The sum of all I have to tell you is this,—Fall not into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or

heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of *dreamers*, but to the noble band of *doers* of good things."

THE COCKATOO.

plu'-mage.	for'-eign.	un-mean'-ing.
cock-a-too'.	por'-trait.	pre-served'.
quest'-ion.	pro-cured'.	schol'-ars.
ex-posed'.	re-peat'-ed.	prăt'-ing.

THERE is a bird of plumage rare,
In gilded cage exposed to view,
Procured with cost, preserved with care—
We mean the pretty cockatoo.

He is a foreign bird of fame,
And talks as parrots often do,
For if we ask him what's his name,
He'll say 'tis pretty cockatoo.

Yet in these words, repeated o'er,
Does all this scholar's wisdom lie,
For to a thousand questions more,
He only gives the same reply.

If asked who made his gilded cage,
Or who his master's portrait drew,
Who was in Greece the wisest sage,
He'll say 'twas pretty cockatoo.

Thus many children, sent to school,
Perform the same unmeaning rounds,
Learn all by oft-repeated rule,
Yet see no meaning in the sounds.

But we should never thus, by rote,
Run day by day our lessons through,
And never give the sense a thought,
Like prating, pretty cockatoo.

A bird may come to sound its name,
A bird may almost learn to spell,
But boys and girls may surely aim
At something more than birds can tell.

The wreath which winds round wisdom's brow
Is free to all though cropped by few,
And we may pluck a leaf even now,
And shame the senseless cockatoo.

LOOK UP.

sail'-or.	gid'-dy.	stead'-i-ly.
fright'-ened.	temp-ta'-tion.	scram'-bled.
sor'-row.	fel'-low.	fol'-lowed.
nim'-ble.	de-scend'.	al-might'-y.

A LITTLE boy went to sea with his father, to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never learn to be a sailor, if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can go up the mast." The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top, and saw at what a great height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "O father! I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?"

"Look up, look up, my boy!" said his father, "if you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep

looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the bottom with ease.

Now, what should we do when we are sinking in sorrow, or when some temptation makes our feet tremble? Why, look up,—look up to the heaven above us; fix our eye steadily on Him who is Almighty, for our help. Looking to Jesus, we shall be safe.

"LAMP OF LOVE."

THE OLD GRANDFATHER AND HIS GRANDCHILD.

tot'-ter-ing.	an'-swer.	grand'-fa-ther.
pas'-sion.	mo'-ment.	trem'-bling.
pa'-rents.	an-noyed'.	piec'-es.
hard'-ly.	to-geth'-er.	weak'-ness-es.

THERE was once a very old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears deaf, and his legs tottering. When he was at table he could hardly hold his spoon, so much did his hand shake. So sometimes he spilt his soup on the tablecloth.

All this annoyed the son and his wife, and they made him sit in a corner behind the stove. There he ate his food from an earthenware dish; and he had not always too much to eat, as you may guess.

Well, one day his trembling hands could not hold the dish; it fell on the floor and broke.

His son and his wife at once fell into a passion, and spoke bitterly to the poor old man. His only answer was a deep, heavy sigh.

They then bought him a wooden bowl, out of which he had to take his food.

Shortly after, his little grandson, a boy of about four years of age, began to put little bits of wood together with great care.

"What are you doing with those pieces of wood?" asked his father, who felt much astonished at the anxiety of the child.

"I am going," he replied, "to make a little trough for father and mother to eat out of when I am a man."

The parents looked at each other for a moment, and then burst into tears.

From that moment the grandfather had a plate at the family table; and his children bore with all the petty weaknesses of age.

GRIMM.

THE TURNING POINT.

chim'-ney.	un-seen'.	wheth'-er.
pris'-on.	scrāp'-ing.	hon'-est.
dress'-ing.	tow'-ards.	re-main'.

A LITTLE sweep was once sent to clean the chimney of a lady's dressing-room. He went up, climbed to the top, scraping off all the soot, and when his job was done, came down again into the room. There was no one there at the time, and as he looked around, before going down stairs, he saw a gold watch lying on the lady's table. The little boy went near to look at it. I think he took it in his hand, but I am not sure whether he did this or not. At any rate, while he was looking at the watch, the thought came into his heart, that he could steal it and hide it in his soot bag, and that when he got away he

could sell it for a great deal of money. But soon another thought came into his mind. He remembered those words—"Thou God seest me," and bursting into tears, he prayed aloud that God would forgive him, and keep him from being a thief. He then went down stairs. That was the turning point in the little boy's life; for, though he did not know it, he had been seen and heard all the while. The lady was in the room next to the dressing-room, and saw the boy look at the watch, and heard the words that he prayed. If he had taken the watch, the lady would most likely have sent him to prison as a thief. But as he did not take it when he believed he could have done so unseen, and as he had prayed to God for help in his time of trial, she felt kindly towards him, and had him put to a good trade, wherein by honesty and upright dealing he became rich, and, what is better far, he became a good man.

Now, I have only three short remarks to make about this story. The first is, that the little chimney-sweep ought not even to have gone to look at the watch. By doing so he put himself into great danger of being a thief. The next thing is, that such turning points as this are not rare to any of us, only we do not often see them. This boy did not know at the time that it would depend upon how he bore that trial whether he should be a thief, and so be ruined for life, or remain honest, and become a good man when he grew up. The last remark is, that though God suffers us to be tried, that he may know what is in our hearts, he is always near to help us if

we ask his aid, even as he was near and did help this little boy. Will you think of this?

"BAND OF HOPE."

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

FORGIVE thy foes, nor that alone—
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who owe thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom,
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

LESSONS DERIVED FROM BIRDS.

friend'-ship.	in'-ju-ries.	vig'-our.
for-give'-ness.	ca-reer'-ing.	re-ly'-ing.
crys'-tal.	fra'-grant.	de-fy'-ing

WHAT is that, mother?
The lark, my child!
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child! be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?
The dove, my son!
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her constant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?
The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying.
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?
The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

G. W. Doane.

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES.

sum'-mer.	lis'-en.	rust'-ling.
reap'-ing.	re-solved'.	eas'-y.
off'-en.	care'-ful-ly.	cas'-le.
hast'-en.	them-selves'.	u'-su-al.

ONE summer a lark had made her nest among some green corn, but it became quite ripe before her little ones were able to fly. She was much afraid that they would be killed when the farmer came to reap the corn. She saw that he was often coming with his son to look at it; and each morning, when she went out to get food for her little ones, she told them to listen carefully to anything they should hear.

Well, one day, when she came back with food for them, they told her that the farmer and his son had been there looking at the rustling corn. They had found it quite ripe; and the farmer had told his son to go over to the farm at the castle, and some of the other farms round about, to ask the men to come next day and help them to cut the corn. "Is that all?" asked their mother. "Well, then, I do not think we need be much afraid yet."

Next morning the men did not come. The lark went off as usual, but not without telling the little ones to listen as before. When she came back they told her that the farmer had been very angry when he found that nobody had come to help him. He had put off reaping till next day, and had told his son to hasten to all their kinsmen to get them to come and help them. "All's well as yet," was the

answer of the old lark; "we may stay at least another day."

She was right; nobody came. But next day the little ones told her that the farmer had come a third time, and had told his son that they had done wrong to trust to others at all. They had resolved to come next morning and reap their corn themselves. "Nay, then," cried the mother lark, "now indeed it is time to think of making off; for if they have made up their minds to do their work themselves, I have no doubt but they will keep their word." By this time the little ones were almost able to fly; and it was an easy matter to get them out of the nest to the shelter of a bush before morning.

We see, then, that if we wish to have a thing done right, and at the right time, we should do it ourselves.

ON GOD AND THE WORKS OF CREATION.

di-rec'-tions.	be-gin'-ning.	veg'-e-ta-bles.
in-an'-i-mate.	kum'-ble.	fur'-ni-ture.
in-struc'-tion.	crea'-tures.	cre-a'-tion.
an'-i-mals.	Cre-a'-tor.	in-vis'-i-ble.

ALL the things which we see are called objects, and all objects are of three kinds. The first kind are those which have life, and can move about from one place to any other, where they have a wish to be. These are called animals, or living creatures. The second kind of objects are things which grow, such as flowers, grass, trees; and are called vegetables. The third kind of objects are those which have no life

whatever; as the sky, the earth, stones, water, houses, furniture, clothes, and other articles. All these are called inanimate objects, and they are unable to move from the place where they are put.

In the beginning God made all things, both the objects which are inanimate and those which have life. He made the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth or world on which we live, the sea, the herbs and trees, and all the animals which live on the land, in the air, or in the water. God is therefore called the Creator, which means the maker of all things, and His works are the works of creation.

God is a Spirit, and is invisible. Though He cannot be seen, He is everywhere, and is able to see all that we do, and knows all that we think. God is also good and just in all His ways, and provides food for all living creatures.

The Bible is the Word of God, which has been given us for our instruction; and if we read and study it with an humble heart, we shall learn what have been the works of the great Creator, and how kind He has been to the children of men. It is our duty, then, to love God, to pray to Him, and to thank Him for all His mercies: and in so doing, we shall not be left without reward, for God will love us also in return, and have us ever in His holy keeping.

"RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE."

SPEAK GENTLY.

whis'-per.	anx'-ious.	e-ter'-ni-ty.
e-nough'.	el'-e-ments.	af-fec'-tions.
stub'-born.	ac'-cents.	re-main'.
friend'-ships.	per-chance'.	un-kind'-ness.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently friendship's accents flow,—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
His pure young heart to gain;
For lessons taught in accents mild
That heart will long retain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis anxious, full of care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart—
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough of ill to endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; say
Naught that may give them pain;
Perchance unkindness made them stray,—
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

A gentle word's a little thing;
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

THE HONEST SHOPBOY.

mer'-chant.	frac'-ture.	bar'-gain.
fin'-ished.	dam'-aged.	ex-is'-tence.
vol'-un-tar-i-ly.	pro-ceed'-ed.	dis-cov'-ered.
pur'-chase.	con'-fi-dence.	de-fic'-ien-cies.

A GENTLEMAN from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in New York. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came into the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold up the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you that there is a fracture in the silk." Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to

come and take him home, for, said he, he will never make a merchant.

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer; "only a day or two ago he voluntarily told a lady who was buying silk of him that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolish in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent. "Yes," answered the merchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter. I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

THE BURNT CHILD.

hap'-pened.	di-rect'-ly.	peo'-ple.
fin'-gers.	fig'-ure.	fool'-ish-ly.
vi'-o-lent.	mis'-chief.	con-tin'-ued.
dan'-ger.	ter'-ri-bly.	en-tire'-ly.

A LITTLE girl, whose name was Jenny, happened one day to be left in the room by herself, while Mama went to speak to one of the servants. Jenny was four years old, and her Mama thought a girl

of that age might surely be trusted by herself, without any danger of doing mischief; but Jenny very foolishly took it into her head to light a piece of paper at the candle, which soon burnt to her fingers; and when she felt it hot she let it fall. The fire then caught her frock, which directly flew up to her neck and face, and burned her terribly. She began to cry very loud; but as she often cried when she was not much hurt, nobody minded her; and she would have been burned to death if her Mama had not come into the room again. She was very much frightened to see her little girl on fire; and taking a large green cloth which lay upon the table, she wrapped it round her, to put out the flames. Poor Jenny still continued to cry, and she had then good reason; for though her Mama had saved her from being entirely burnt, she was in such violent pain that she did not know what to do with herself. The skin was quite scorched off her neck, and one of her eyes was so much injured that it was a long time before she could see with it again.

Her Mama did everything in her power to make her well, but it was many weeks before she could get out of bed; and after she was well enough to go out of doors again, everybody was grieved to see what a sad figure she made. As she passed along the streets she often heard people say, "That is the little girl who was terribly burned by being so foolish as to light a piece of paper at the candle."

This sad story made all the other little children who knew her, very careful not to light anything either at the fire or candle.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

chil'-dren.	gen'-tle.	dis-a-gree'
hap'-py.	for-give'.	kind'-ness.
pleas'-ing.	lov'-ing.	an'-gry.
a-gree'.	quar'-rel.	de-light'.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
Young children in their sports agree,
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When in sweet harmony they sing.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child who tries to please,
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
Who never says an angry word,
Is always pleasing to the Lord.

O God! forgive whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

THE DUTIFUL SON REWARDED.

Fred'-er-ick.	con-tents'.	re-plied'
qui'-et-ly.	sup-pose'.	pock'-et.
mon'-ey.	cab'-i-net.	pres'-ent.
Prus'-sia.	wa'-ges.	re-spects'.

FREDERICK III., King of Prussia, one morning rung the bell of his cabinet, but nobody coming

to answer, he opened the door of another room, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him, and coming nearer he saw a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. The king wishing to see what it was, went quietly forward and pulled it out. He found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follow. She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his wages, and had sent to her, for it had reached her at a time when she had great need. God, she said, would certainly reward him for it, and if he tried with all his heart to serve God and his king, he could not fail of being happy both in the present world and the world to come. Upon reading this, the king stept softly back into his closet, brought a handful of money, and put it with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang so loud that the page awoke and came into the room. "You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king. The page did not deny it, but was making some excuse, when by chance he put his hand into his pocket, and felt the money in it. He pulled it out, turned pale, and then looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What is the matter with you?" said the king. "Ah!" replied the page, "somebody has tried to ruin me; I know nothing of this money." "Be not afraid," said the king; "it is all right; send the money to your mother, give her my respects, and inform her that I will take care of both her and you."

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

wel'-come. | ap-proach'. | ser'-vile.
cow'-ard's. | op-pres'-sion's. | u-surp'-ers.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lower!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',—
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

BURNS.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

gun'-pow-der.	nar'-row.	with-draw'.
cour'-age.	cap'-tive.	there'-fore.
car'-nage.	Scot'-tish.	drink'-ing.
pal'-frey.	Ed'-ward.	con-fused'.

In the days of which I write, knights and men of high rank went to the wars clad in suits of steel. These, though of much use in the fight, when as yet gunpowder had not been brought to act in war, lay with great weight both on men and horses, and if long worn, quite broke down their strength. The knight, therefore, did not put on his mail, nor mount his war-horse, till the fight was about to begin; but rode a small horse, a palfrey, as it was called, both on the march and through the camp. At an early hour on the 24th of June, 1314, Bruce, King of Scotland, went out on his palfrey to take a look at the English lines. He rode more in front of his own camp than was quite safe; and an English knight who saw and knew him, thought that he would end the war by killing the Scottish king. With this view he put his lance in rest, for he had his mail on and rode his war-horse, and dashed at the king. Bruce, who wore no mail, could not meet the shock. He therefore took the reins well in hand, and when the knight was close on him, struck spur in the flank of his pony, and made him swerve. The knight missed his thrust: not so Bruce; he let his axe fall with such force on the knight's head as he went by, that helmet and skull were both cut through; the knight fell to the ground a dead man, and Bruce rode back unhurt to

his own ranks. His soldiers raised a shout of joy and applause, and at the word of command all knelt down and prayed. The English, it is said, had passed the previous night in drinking. They now came on in bad order, but with great courage, and soon fell into the snares which Bruce had laid for them. The men-at-arms tried to break the left of the Scottish line, and got among the concealed pits dug by order of Bruce to entrap them, where they were cut off to a man. The bow-men, the best of the English force, could not act. Spears and bills were all mixed in a heap, and stood one in the way of another. In fact, the ground was too narrow for the large force which Edward led, and he had not the skill to withdraw from it. All this was what Bruce looked for, and he did not fail to make the most of it. When he saw the English were quite confused, he rushed upon them, and chased them from the field with great carnage.

Edward never got the better of that blow. He fled back to London, where all men cried shame on him; and not even the queen would take his part. He afterwards got into trouble with his nobles, who were supported by the queen in their rebellion against him; they beat his troops in the field, took him captive, said he was not fit to reign, and made his son, a boy of thirteen, king in his room.

GLEIG'S "ENGLAND."

THE WASHING.

prat'-tler.	frisk'-ing.	mean'-ly.
sport'-ing.	how-ev'-er.	splash'-ing.
clean'-li-ness.	spur'-ring.	gam'-bols.
pu'-ri-fies.	fair'-y.	clean'-ly.

LITTLE prattler, what 's the matter,
That you 're making such a din?
Well you know that this fresh water
Purifies your bonny skin.
Cease your spurring—take your washing—
Then you 'll get your milk and bread;
If you do not stop your splashing,
I will duck you o'er the head.

Now it 's over, little dearie—
There 's a skin like driven snow;
You will feel more light and cheery
When unto your play you go.
Let me dress you in the sun now,
Let me comb your shining hair;
To your gambols, romp and run now,
Round about your father's chair.

Now, you sporting, frisking fairy,
See how neat you are and sleek;
Water makes you brisk and airy,
Lights your eye and dyes your cheek.
Oh! there 's nought like being cleanly—
Cleanliness is more than wealth—
Let us dress however meanly,
Cleanliness gives joy and health.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

com'-mon-wealth.	ap-proached'.	mer'-ri-ly.
hab-i-ta'-tion.	pleas'-ant-ly.	laugh'-ing
gen'-tle-men.	man'-age-ment.	av'-e-nues.
em-ployed'.	hu-mil'-i-ty.	ne-ces'-si-ty.

IN the winter season a commonwealth of ants was busily employed in the management of their corn, which they exposed to the air in heaps round about the avenues of their little country habitation. A grasshopper who had chanced to outlive the summer, and who was now ready to starve with cold and hunger, approached them with great humility, and begged that they would relieve his necessity with one grain of wheat or rye. One of the ants asked him how he had disposed of his time in summer, that he had not taken pains to lay in a stock of provisions as they had done. "Oh!" says he, "I passed the time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing, and dancing, and had no time to think of winter." "If that be the case," replied the ant, laughing, "all I have to say is, that they who drink, sing, and dance in summer must starve in winter."

ÆSOP'S "FABLES."

STEAM AND SMOKE.

in-quired'.	chim'-ney.	dif'-fer-ence.
cer'-tain-ly.	fan'-cied.	dir'-tied.
fre'-quent-ly.	ex-claimed'.	weath'-er.

ONE morning that Willy was in the parlour at breakfast time, he inquired why all that smoke came out of the tea-urn.

"It is not smoke," said his Mama; "it is steam."

"It looks just like smoke," cried Willy.

"No, not exactly; for it is white, and smoke is more frequently black."

"Then, what is steam, Mama?"

"It is just water greatly heated, my dear."

"I could never have fancied how many things are made of water," cried Willy. "Snow is made of water, ice is made of water, and steam is made of water."

"There is this difference," said his Mama; "water is turned into snow and ice when it is very cold; and water is turned into steam when it is very hot."

"But, Mama, it is not very hot to-day, I am sure; look, there is snow falling as fast as it can fall."

"The weather is not hot certainly," said his Mama, "but the water in the urn is very hot, for it has been boiling over the fire for our breakfast, and the steam rises from that." Mama then held a tea-spoon over the steam, and the steam being stopped and cooled by the cold tea-spoon, was turned to water again—small tiny drops; but Willy saw that it was water, and he not only saw it, but he felt it too, for he put his finger into the spoon, and felt that it was wet.

"This is not a cold tea-spoon, Mama," said he, "for it has almost burnt my finger, it is so hot."

"It was cold before I put it into the steam. What do you think has made it so hot now?"

"Oh, the steam, to be sure!"

"Then you see, Willy, the steam has warmed the spoon, and the spoon has cooled the steam, and turned it into water."

"Now, Mama, let us catch a little of the smoke

that is going up the chimney, and see if the spoon will not turn it into water."

Mama took another spoon and held it in the smoke. After some little time the bright silver began to look dingy, and then it was covered with little black spots. Willy touched it and said, "No; it is not wet: so smoke cannot be made of water." Then looking at his fingers, he exclaimed, "O Mama! how I have dirtied my fingers with these nasty black spots!"

"No wonder," answered his mother; "for these black particles are what we call soot, and are parts of the coal which fly up from it while it is burning. It is the heat of the fire that changes the coal into smoke and soot."

"Then, Mama," said Willy, "though smoke is not made of water, it is like steam in one thing, for it rises up because it is made lighter than the air by means of heat."

"Very true," said his Mama; "coal is turned into smoke by heat, just as water is turned into steam by heat."

JANE MARCET.

THE DYING GIRL.

re-lease'.	cler'-gy-man.	be-neath'.
gran'-a-ry.	mign-o-nette'.	be-yond'.
par'-lour.	way'-ward.	haw'-thorn.

IT seemed so hard at first, mother,
To leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay;
And yet His will be done.

But now I know it can't be long
Before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman,
Has told me words of peace.

I have been wild and wayward,
But you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother,
Upon my cheek and brow.
Nay, nay; you must not weep,
Nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother;
You have another child.

You'll bury me, my mother,
Just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and sit
Where I am lowly laid;
But don't let Effie come
Till my grave be growing green—
She'll be a better child to you
Than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools
Upon the granary floor:
Let her take them—they are hers—
I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train
The rosebush that I set,
About the parlour window,
And the box of mignonette.

Oh! sweet and strange it seems to me,
That ere this day is done,

The voice that now is speaking
May be beyond the sun,
For ever and for ever,
In yonder blessed home,
And there to wait a little while
Till you and Effie come.

TENNYSON.

SALT.

es-sen'-tial.	pu'-ri-fy-ing.	de-pos'-it-ed.
ex-tract'-ed.	veg'-e-ta-ble.	nec'-es-sa-ry.
min'-er-al.	te'-di-ous.	sa-line'.

SALT forms an essential part of the blood, and requires to be taken along with almost every kind of food, in order to preserve the body in a healthy condition. It is the only mineral food which we take, and is needed to supply the waste of saline matter which runs off from the body in the bile and in tears from the eyes. All animals are more or less fond of it. Even bees will settle on a piece of salt, and sip it as eagerly as if it were the sweet juice of a flower. It would appear strange to us, who live in a country where it is plentiful, to see a child suck a piece of rock salt as if it were sugar; but Mungo Park, who visited some parts of Africa which are very far from the sea, and where salt is very scarce and dear, actually saw children do this. In those parts it is only rich persons who can afford to take it at all times with their food. Travellers in Africa have become very ill from the want of this article. The long use of vegetable food causes so great a desire for salt that no words can give any idea of the feeling.

As salt is a substance which men could not do without, we find it has been widely and plentifully deposited in almost every part of the world. It is well known that the water of the sea contains a large quantity of it, and so all people living near its shores can easily obtain a supply. It is extracted from sea water in several parts of Scotland, but chiefly on the shores of the Solway Frith. These flat level shores are covered to a very great extent with the waters of the ocean during spring tides, and in the interval between these, the heat of the sun and the action of the air being very great, dry up the moisture in the sand, and leave so large a quantity of salt on it that men collect the salt, and after boiling and purifying it, can sell it at a profit.

If salt could only be obtained from sea water, it would soon become very dear, because the process by which it is extracted is both tedious and costly. There are, however, in various countries, salt springs, whose waters contain much larger quantities of this mineral than sea water, and so from them it is got with much less trouble and expense. In the county of Worcester, in England, there are a great many salt or brine springs, the water from which contains about one-fourth part of its weight of salt. In Cheshire there are mines of rock salt, in beds or layers of solid salt, some of which are thirty yards in thickness. A few years ago, rock salt was found near Belfast, in Ireland, in a series of beds underground, which taken together are about one hundred feet thick, and the quality is said to be better than that of the Cheshire salt.

Poland has long been famous for its salt mines, which extend more than three miles underground, and have been wrought for six hundred years. A great many people work in these mines, and several have lived in them for a long time without ever coming up above ground.

In Persia there is an immense district of country, extending over a space of several hundreds of miles, which is almost entirely covered over with a thick crust of salt. It is called the Great Salt Desert, and although in some parts of it plants are found which seem to thrive in a salt soil, yet it presents a most dreary and desolate aspect.

Near Cardona, in the east of Spain, there is a valley in which huge rugged rocks of salt rise to the height of four or five hundred feet, and the salt is so pure as to require only pounding to be fit for use. At Lahore, in India, a similar mass occurs; and in Affghanistan a road is cut out of solid salt, at the foot of cliffs of that mineral one hundred feet high. The Island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, is a huge salt rock.

Besides forming a necessary part of food, salt is also used for various other purposes. It has the property of preventing dry rot in wood, and is very useful as a manure for rendering cultivated land more productive. It is also employed to modify the shades of colour in dyeing cloth. It has the effect of increasing the brightness of scarlet, and causing the colour to sink deeper into the cloth.

COMPILED.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

dark'-ness.	pres'-ence.	un-known'
hu'-man.	con'-stant.	weep'-ing.
con-trol'.	an'-ger.	mer'-cy.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,—
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I must within His presence dwell—
I cannot from His anger flee.

Yet I may flee, He shows me where,
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
And while He sees me weeping there
There's only mercy in his eye.

MRS. GILBERT.

READING COLUMNS.

N.B.—The Columns of words in this book are READING LESSONS, exemplifying the more important principles of the English Language, and, if used aright, will be found of immense value. The Pupil should first pronounce the syllables separately, and in the next breath combine them with the proper accent. By reading a column or two in this way every day, or even at every lesson, as soon as his progress may admit, the Pupil will soon be able to read the longest words in the lists, and to divide and read similar words wherever he may meet them; and this exercise, if persevered in, will speedily be found to produce effects beyond the belief of any one who has not yet put it to the trial. Besides promoting a correct pronunciation, it will be found to impart to the Pupil's style of reading a firmness, an accuracy, and a distinctness, that cannot otherwise be attained without a greatly increased expenditure of labour on the part of the Teacher.

NOTATION.—I. *Name Sounds.*

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ȳ; māte, mēte, mīte, mōte, mūte, tȳpe.
a′, e′, i′, o′, u′, y′; la′dy, le′gal, li′on, lo′tion, lu′rid, ly′ing.

II. *Shut Sounds. Unmarked, and always Short.*

a, e, i, o, u, y; hat, set, hit, hot, hut, sym′bol.

III. *Occasional Sounds:* ä *is long,* ă *short, &c.*

Middle or Italian,	ä	ă	cärd, căst, fär, făst.
Broad or German,	â	ă	wâr wăs, wârd wăst.
or,	ô	o	hôrse pond, côrd cost.
Italian,	û	ŭ	rûde pŭt, rûle fŭll.
Obscure,		ĕ	hĕr, fir.

IV. *Diphthongs.*

(ā) ai ay ei ey eā :—fain day rein prey peār.
(â) aw au :—saw pause, draw vault, flaw fraud.
(ē) ea ee iē :—plea see miēn; heal deer shiēld.
(ō) oa ōu ōw oe :—road cōurt flōw toes.
(û) oo oû :—moon soûp. (ŭ) oo :—bŏŏk foot.
(ow) ou ow :—stout crowd; round growl.
(oy) oi oy :—toil boy; join toys; moist joy.
(e) ea *ie* :—hĕad friend; brĕad death.
ċ = s *as in* ċell. ġ = j *as in* ġem. ṡ = z *as in* rose.

ACCENT.—*General Rule.*—Vowels, when accented, have their *long name sounds;* at the end of unaccented syllables, *a* has *its shut sound; i* and *y* sound *e short; e, o,* and *u* have their *short name sounds.*

TABLE.		*Exercises on accented and unaccented Vowels.*							
Accented.	*Unaccented.*								
a′ = ā	a = a	ba′	ba-	ri′	ri-	da′	da-	tra′	tra-
e′ = ē	e = ė	re′	re-	vi′	vi-	pa′	pa-	tri′	tri-
i′ = ī	i = e	ti′	ti-	ca′	ca-	ci′	ci-	sta′	sta-
o′ = ō	o = ȯ	so′	so-	la′	la-	gi′	gi-	sti′	sti-
u′ = ū	u = u̇	vu′	vu-	li′	li-	co′	co-	pra′	pra-
y′ = ȳ	y = ė	sy′	sy-	fi′	fi-	cu′	cu-	pri′	pri-

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a′ble	a-bet′	Da-ri′us	Ma′ri-us	ri′ŏt (*ut*)
la′tent	la-ment′	de-ni′al	ve′ni-al	pe′ri-ŏd
mi′nŏr	mi-nute′	bi′ped	är′bi-ter	sa′cred
vi′per	en′vi-er	sa′vour	sa-van′na	sa-lute′
ba′by	ba-boon′	si′lent	si-roc′co	ly′ing
sa′tan	sa-loon′	va′grant	va-ga′ry	sul′ly
di′ver	di-vert′	sa′go	sa-ga′cious	try′ing
di′et	di-late′	mi′nor	im′mi-nent	sul′try
ca′dent	ca-det′	ti′ny	mu′ti-ny	re′cent
ca′per	ca-nal′	va′ri-ous	va-ri′e-ty	re-cant′
vi′al	en′vi-ous	ro-ta′tion	vo′ta-ry	lo′cal
fi′nal	fi-nesse′	sti′pend	con′sti-tute	lo-ca′tion
la′va	la-goon′	con-tri′ver	pa′tri-ŏt	du′el
pa′thos	pa-na′do	i′tem	im′i-tate	du-et′

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bri′er	ca′pa-ble	con-fi′ding	de′vi-ous
bri-gade′	ca-pa′cious	con′fi-dent	de-pen′dent
cra′dle	ca′ri-ous	com-pli′ant	de-co′rum
cra-vat′	ca-na′ry	com′pli-ment	dec′o-rate
re′al	ma′trŏn	as-pi′rant	pu′ri-ty
re-ly′	ma-ter′nal	as′pi-rate	im′pu-dent
ta′ble	pa′trŏn	re-ti′ring	ma′jor
vis′ta	pa-trōl′	ti-mid′i-ty	ma-jor′i-ty

Shut Sounds.—Accent on First Syllable.

The pupil should read all the first syllables in the column, and then all the second syllables, separately, before attempting to combine them into words.

Ad'am	Mad'am	Men'tal	Wiz'ard	Offer
al'um	max'im	ver'bal	haz'ard	elder
an'tic	duc'at	sul'tan	for'est	habit
an'vil	tick'et	tur'ban	mod'est	merit
ar'id	rap'id	col'lar	pat'ent	critic
am'ber	tep'id	nec'tar	joc'und	chapel
el'der	com'ic	plum'met	des'ert	spirit
en'ter	con'ic	tur'ret	pres'ent	credit
em'met	land'ed	fun'nel	her'ald	hatchet
ep'ic	gild'ed	tun'nel	mod'ern	thicket
eth'ic	met'al	ren'der	cav'ern	pocket
in'let	lev'el	tem'per	prov'erb	musket
in'step	per'il	pil'grim	ad'verb	ragged
of'fer	plan'et	nap'kin	tav'ern	rugged
ot'ter	lim'it	rus'tic	pat'tern	talent

Shut Sounds.—Accent on Second Syllable.

A-bed'	A-lert'	For-bid'	As-sist'	Amid
be-gan'	re-vert'	for-give'	en-list'	avert
a-bet'	a-mend'	dis-til'	con-vert'	begun
e-mit'	de-fend'	ex-tol'	in-sert'	remit
a-long'	a-verse'	com-pel'	ar-rest'	begot
re-mit'	a-sperse'	in-stil'	per-sist'	befit
se-dan'	de-pend'	al-lot'	ab-surd'	amend
tre-pan'	pre-tend'	ad-mit'	dis-turb'	return
de-press'	de-sert'	in-ter'	at-test'	impel
re-dress'	re-sult'	con-fer'	in-vest'	incur
a-ver'	de-sist'	mis-hap'	en-rich'	affix
de-fer'	pre-sent'	en-trap'	for-give'	arrest
re-lax'	re-sist'	with-in'	as-sert'	until
pre-fix'	ro-bust'	con-cur'	sub-vert'	extend
re-bel'	mo-lest'	dis-tress'	con-sult'	attach
pro-pel'	de-test'	com-press'	dis-trust'	invert
be-set'	e-vent'	em-boss'	im-mense'	unless

Name Sounds.—Accent on First Syllable.

Bi'as	O'ral	Da'vid	Hōs'tess	Roman
di'et	o'val	Je'sus	fore'most	dying
po'em	hu'mid	Ba'bel	blame'less	lying
po'et	tu'mid	so'lar	shape'less	flying
di'al	fe'ver	po'lar	wāst'ed	trial
vi'al	so'ber	u'nit	hāst'ed	tyrant
du'el	fa'tal	pu'pil	cām'bric	silent
fu'el	to'tal	ca'per	chām'ber	maker
bri'er	cu'bic	dra'per	pōr'ter	baker
cri'er	tu'nic	cu'bit	pōr'tal	finer
li'ar	pa'gan	mu'sic	pōr'tress	finest
fri'ar	si'ren	la'tent	spōrt'ing	riper
re'al	lu'rid	po'tent	kīnd'ness	ripest
de'ist	lu'nar	fra'grant	blīnd'ness	being
vi'and	plu'ral	clo'ver	case'ment	gazing
pli'ant	stu'pid	stu'dent	pave'ment	paring
cli'ent	ri'der	spi'ral	care'less	firing
vi'tal	dri'ver	bri'dal	use'less	hiding

Name Sounds.—Accent on Second Syllable.

A-bate'	Mis-take'	Gre-nade'	De-prive'	Atone
se-date'	for-sake'	bro-cade'	con-nive'	elope
co-here'	com-pete'	su-preme'	de-ny'	defame
se-vere'	im-pede'	ex-treme'	re-ply'	bespoke
re-pine'	en-tire'	a-live'	im-pure'	debate
de-cline'	con-spire'	de-prive'	en-sure'	relate
re-store'	op-pose'	de-note'	de-vise'	behave
de-plore'	dis-close'	de-vote'	de-spise'	repose
de-mure'	com-mute'	as-sume'	af-fōrd'	before
se-cure'	im-pute'	re-sume'	con-trōl'	restore
a-maze'	com-ply'	e-state'	sup-pōrt'	delude
e-rase'	sup-ply'	e-scape'	en-grōss'	crûsade
se-rene'	per-vade'	de-lete'	with-hōld'	desire
re-vere'	cas-cade'	se-crete'	re-vōlt'	retire
a-side'	con-vene'	at-tire'	ar-cade'	delete
be-tide'	ter-rene'	in-spire'	block-ade'	revise
a-lone'	cor-rode'	pro-mote'	a-dore'	rebuke
de-pone'	ex-plode'	con-voke'	a-shore'	humane

SECTION II.

CATTLE.

car'-riag-es.	Prus'-sian.	e-steem'.
bri'-dles.	val'-u-a-ble.	pur'-pos-es.
sup-plied'.	cur'-ried.	man'-i-fold.
ex'-cel-lent.	gris'-les.	boun'-ti-ful.

THE bull and the cow, both during their life and after death, are of the greatest service to man. The cow yields us her milk twice or three times a-day, and from this milk cream, butter, cheese, curds, and whey are made. The ox is, in many places, used for drawing ploughs, carts, and wagons. When these animals are killed young their flesh is called veal; but when they are one or more years old it is called beef.

The hide or skin of the full grown animal, after being tanned and curried, is used in making boots, soles of shoes, and many other things. Calf-skin, after being prepared, is used for the upper leather of shoes, for bridles, and for binding books; vellum, also, is made of calf-skin.

The horns of these animals are useful in making combs and other articles of the same kind. The large bones are sometimes used in place of ivory, and from the smaller bones an oil is procured which is employed in cleaning harness. The fat is of use in

making candles. The blood is very useful in preparing the fine colour called Prussian blue, and is also sometimes employed as manure for fruit trees. Glue is made of the gristles and finer parings of the hides boiled to a jelly.

Such are the manifold comforts with which our all-wise Creator hath supplied us, by the single gift of these valuable animals; yet how little do we esteem this gift as we ought, or think of the goodness of the bountiful Giver!

"Sessional Schoolbook."

THE SHEEP AND LAMB.

shep'-herds.	fol'-low-ing.	ut'-ter-ing
con-fined'.	de-cayed'.	ex-plain'.
ar-rang'-ing.	ca-ress'-ing.	de-stroyed'.
off'-spring.	re-mained'.	van'-ished.

It often happens that a lamb dies, and when its mother has enough of milk the shepherd brings her in from the hill and gives her another lamb which may have lost its mother, or which may have been a twin lamb, and could not therefore be so well brought up by the parent ewe. This is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one, which the ewe thinks is her own offspring; for, after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it something of the smell of her own lamb, she accepts it, and feeds it as her own ever after. Whether it is joy in the belief that her young one has been brought to life again, or because a little doubt remains on her mind, which she would fain dispel

I cannot decide; but for a number of days she shows far more fondness for this one, by bleating and caressing it, than she did formerly for the one that really was her own. Such sheep as thus lose their lambs are generally driven to a house with dogs, so that the lambs may be put to them, for they will adopt them, only in a dark confined place. But I never needed to drive home a sheep by force with dogs, or in any other way than the following:—When I found a ewe standing over her dead lamb, I took a piece of twine which I had with me for the purpose, and tied it round the lamb's neck or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose. A ewe would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, and never quitted it a moment except to chase my dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often led a ewe in to the side of the kitchen fire, and by this means into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that the dangers increased around her, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing but how she might protect it.

One year a severe blast of snow came on by night, about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of lambs, and we had not enow of twins and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, so, of course, we chose the best ewes and put lambs to them. As we were arranging them I asked my master to spare me a lamb for a ewe which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the glen about four miles from the house. He would not do

it at that time, but bade me let her stand beside her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so; and faithfully she stood by her charge—so faithfully that I think the like was never equalled by any of the woolly race. I went to see her every morning and evening for the first eight days, and never found her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always as I went my rounds she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her feet and whistling through her nose to frighten away the dog. She gave him a chase twice a-day as I passed by; but however angry a ewe may be she never offers to resist the shepherd, being always meekly passive to him.

The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed; but still this loving creature kept constantly hanging over the poor remains. It often drew tears from my eyes to see her gazing with such fondness at a few bones mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for other two weeks she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats: till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, having mixed with the soil, or been wafted away by the winds.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SATURDAY.

to-mor'-row.	me-chan'-ics.	stub'-ble.
au'-tumn.	shel'-tered.	cup'-board.
lich'-en.	weath'-er-glass.	leaf'-less.
al-though'.	ān'-cient.	pim'-per-nell.

To-MORROW will be Sunday, Ann,
Let us work cheerily;
Thy father rose at four o'clock,
To toil for thee and me.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For he has taste—so we'll be neat,
Although we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard-door.

And polish thou the grate, my love,
I 'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn wind blows damp and chill,
So keep the parlour warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on;
Mechanics should be neat and clean
When all their work is done.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books,

Thy father loves to read, and then
How wise and well he looks!

Throw out the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
We 'll find a winter rose.

And bring some lichen from the wood,
Some mosses from the dell,
And from the sheltered stubble-field
The scarlet pimpernell.

And let their freshness cheer the room,
When from his weekly toils
Thy father seeks his humble home,
Made happy by our smiles.

ELLIOT.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

treas'-ure.	ad-mĭr'-ing.	āch'-ing.
ap-pear'-ance.	temp-ta'-tion.	care'-ful-ly.
re-mem'-brance.	par-tic'-u-lar.	pleas'-ure.
re-mem'-ber.	beau'-ti-ful.	qui'-et-ly.

THERE are four little words which you should all learn, and treasure up in your hearts. They are these, "Thou God seest me." Perhaps you will remember them better if I tell you a story about them.

There was once a gentleman who was trying to rear a particular kind of pear-tree. He watched and tended it very carefully, but only one pear

made its appearance. He told all his children not to touch the fruit without his leave; but Edward, one of the little boys, felt a very strong desire to taste this nice pear. He used often to stand by the tree, admiring the beautiful shape and colour of the fruit, and thinking how nice and juicy it would be. One night, when his Papa and Mama were out, Edward was tossing on his bed, wishing for the forbidden pleasure. He rose, slipped quietly down stairs, and reached the garden. He went softly up to the tree, looking fearfully all around him. He laid his hand on the pear, and was just going to pull it, when he looked up to the clear sky, and saw one bright star just above him. He trembled, and felt the sight of that star like the eye of God; and the words rang in his ear, "Thou God seest me." Edward left the fruit, and stole back to bed; and often afterwards did the remembrance of that night save him in an hour of temptation.

And now, do you understand the meaning of these words? If you love sin, you will not like to think that the eye of a holy God is ever upon you. Oh! then, come to Jesus, and you will feel so glad to think that at lessons, at play, and at all times, He watches over you. And when sickness comes, you will lay your aching heads on the bosom of this gentle Shepherd, and feel that God is Love!

HARRIET'S SABBATH.

be-neath'.	min'-is-ter.	doubt'-ful-ly.
se'-ri-ous.	be-lieve'.	Wash'-ing-ton.
scarce'-ly.	de-ter'-mined.	sur-prise'.
ad-dress'-ing.	de-light'-ful.	watch'-ful-ness.

"I AM sure that I keep the Sabbath," said Harriet to herself as she looked down into the street beneath her window, where several boys were sliding on the ice. "But see how those wicked boys are playing as if it were a week day. Agnes," she continued, addressing an older sister; "don't you think that I have kept this Sabbath holy?"

Agnes laid aside the book that lay open before her, and drew the little girl into her lap as she said,—

"First tell me how you have spent the day, my dear."

"Well, when I awoke in the morning I said my prayers and dressed, and then it was time for breakfast. After that I studied my Sabbath lesson until it was time to go to school; and our Sarah came into the dining-room, and she said she never saw any little girl so careful to keep the Sabbath holy. She said that at Mrs. Jay's, where she used to live, the children were romping and playing about all day, and never thought of reading the Bible."

"Perhaps," said Agnes, "these children have never been taught to do any better. But you have parents who try themselves to do right, and who teach you that the Sabbath is God's own day, and should therefore be spent in his service. If you wished to

play they would not allow you to do so." Harriet felt quite sorry to hear this. She had been proud all day in the thought that she was better than Mrs. Jay's children, but the remarks of her sister seemed to place things in a new light.

"I am sure, Agnes, I should not play if they did allow it. But I will tell you the rest. From the Sabbath school I went to church, and when I came home I read the Bible until it was time to go again in the afternoon. Then, you know, this afternoon I have been finding verses about angels—that is our Bible lesson for to-morrow—and I am determined to get more than any of the other girls. I have bit my tongue ever so many times when I was going to say something funny, and when George asked me how far it was to Washington, I told him I would rather talk of it some other day, and I feel very happy because I know I have tried to be good."

"Yes," said Agnes; "you have tried, and I am glad that you have told me all about it. But does God look upon the outward conduct or upon the heart?"

"Upon the heart, certainly," answered Harriet.

"And can you tell me if He has been in all your thoughts to-day?" asked Agnes gently.

"No," said she; "I have thought of a great many things to-day, and I know that they were not serious ones. Now I will tell you truly, Agnes, why I like to go to church; but don't look at me; it seems as if your eyes could see into my heart. I like to think of all manner of things that might happen. Sometimes I do not hear a word that the

minister is saying. I begin to think of beautiful things I would like to have, and you can't think how delightful it is."

"Yes, I can," said Agnes; "because I sometimes do so myself."

"You!" cried Harriet, starting up with surprise; "well, I declare, I can scarcely believe it."

"I don't mean that I do so on the Sabbath," said Agnes.

"I am sorry for it," said Harriet. "What shall I do then if I don't think of such things? I shall have my head full of nonsense."

"You should listen to the sermon."

"O dear; it is full of long hard words. I can't understand preaching."

"If you try to understand, and listen attentively to every word, you will find that you will soon be able to comprehend almost all."

Harriet shook her head doubtfully. There was a silence for several minutes. At last Harriet said—

"Agnes."

"Well, my dear."

"I think I have broken every Sabbath of my life just with sinful thoughts."

"I am afraid that we may all say so," said Agnes seriously. "I know that the more anxious I am to do and to feel as I ought the more evil thoughts seem to spring up in my heart. But Papa says that this is because our very watchfulness makes us see what had before escaped our notice."

"Is there no way, then," said Harriet mournfully, "to keep God's day perfectly holy?"

"We cannot do it in our own strength certainly, but we can tell our Heavenly Father how weak and sinful we are, and entreat his help when we find our hearts leading us astray. He who commands us to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, has also taught us to pray for strength to do his will."

"SUNDAY SCHOOL RECITER."

EARLY RISING.

o'-pen-ing.	in'-sect.	swim'-ming.
la'-bours.	mer'-ri-ly.	cheer'-ful.
skip'-ping.	re-joic'-es.	chil'-dren.

GET up, little sister; the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower—
If you shake but a branch there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers—look under the trees—
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please!
And by all those rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I daresay, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of spring,
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And seems to think work is far better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun;
For the spring is so cheerful I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark and may work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

FAITH.

jour'-ney-ing.	im-plic'-it-ly.	de-pend'-ing.
des'-pe-rate-ly.	in-quire'.	ear'-nest-ly.
hes'-i-ta-ted.	prec'-i-pice.	loos'-en-ing.
pro-fu'-sion.	grad'-u-al-ly.	op-por-tu'-ni-ty.

A FATHER and his son were journeying on foot through a mountain-path among the Alps. They were gathering the lovely flowers which grow there in such profusion. The father carried a long pole, with a strong iron hook at the end of it, which he used for drawing to him the shrubs and flowers which were beyond his reach. He desired his son to keep close by him, and not to venture alone too near the edge of the precipice; but the boy's fancy was caught by a bunch of gay flowers which he earnestly longed to have. He thoughtlessly rushed down a grassy slope to seize them, but his foot slid on the smooth, slippery turf; he fell, rolled down, and caught desperately by some low bushes growing near the edge of the precipice. A despairing cry of terror called his father to his help. The boy was clinging to the shrubs, with his head covered by their thick foliage, a little way down the steep bank, on the edge of a frightful precipice, over which, if he had fallen,

he must have been dashed in pieces. He was beyond the reach of his father's arm, yet there was a way of saving him. He was dressed, as travellers in the Alps often are, in a linen blouse, girt with a strong leather belt. His father knew the belt was strong, —he had buckled it round his son with his own hands. He fixed the iron hook at the end of the pole which he carried, firmly into the belt; but before the boy could be drawn up, he must let go the shrubs to which he was clinging. He could not see his father,—he did not feel how he held him,—he only heard his voice, saying,—"Let go the bushes, my boy, and I will save you!" It seemed like letting go his only security; but, trusting implicitly to his father's word, he loosed his hold, and was soon drawn up safely, and clasped in his father's arms. Immediately thereafter the bushes to which he had been clinging, whose roots had been gradually loosening with his weight, fell crashing down the precipice!

This boy's faith saved him. His implicit trust in his father's word saved his life. If he had doubted, delayed, hesitated but a moment;—if he had waited to inquire or to look how his father held him, both would have been carried over the precipice by the weight of the shrubs and rocks to which he clung.

This is something like what is meant in the Bible, when it is said that we are saved by faith. Our Lord Jesus Christ commands us to trust in him, to believe in him, and he will save us; but we must trust in him *alone;* we must let go our trust, our hold, on every earthly thing. We must just believe that he will save us, because he says so; and, depending

on his simple word, submit to him, and let him do with us as he pleases.

And after the boy was safe, and once more in his father's arms, do you not think that he kept close by his father's side, and feared to trust himself near the precipice? And do you not think he loved this kind father more and more, and watched for every opportunity to serve him, and to please him? So will those people do who have given themselves to Christ. They will love him, and strive to obey him, and try, with all their might, to please him by keeping his holy laws. They will be afraid of falling, and, when they are in danger, they will cling to his strong arm to help them. If they feel tempted to fall into sin, they will cry to him for strength to uphold their goings in his paths, that their footsteps slip not.

"THE CHILDREN'S PAPER."

GOOD MANNERS.

talk'-a-tive.	dif'-fer-ent.	au-thor'-i-ty.
gen'-tle-ness.	po-lite'-ness.	stealth'-i-ly.
ci-vil'-i-ty.	so-ci'-e-ty.	coarse'-ness.
self-con-ceit'-ed.	blām'-a-ble.	feel'-ings.

THE leading point in good manners is so to act and speak as not to offend the feelings of others. One can give pain and offend in a great many ways; for instance, in being noisy, talkative, pert, saucy, and self-conceited, by speaking too much of one's self, and by staring rudely in company. By doing these things children make themselves hated and

disagreeable. In order, then, to make people love you, you must not say, "I shall do as I like; I care for nobody;" for no one has a right to live in society unless he yield up a part of his self-will. A well-bred person does everything with perfect ease and quietness; he allows nothing to ruffle his temper. He enters a room quietly, though not stealthily; he sits down or rises up quietly, speaks with gentleness, and does everything in a way fitted to please. An ill-bred person enters a room with noise, sits down and rises up with noise. It would seem as if he could do nothing quietly. When he sets down a chair, he causes it to knock against the floor; when he speaks, the house rings with his voice; when he walks, every tramp of his foot makes the room shake. Nobody likes these things; they mar every one's comfort. To be hearty and to laugh with those who laugh, and to cheer with those who cheer, is quite a different matter. The noise we mention as so blamable is the coarseness of one who has no regard to the feelings of others. Civility and politeness cost us nothing, and will, in general, gain more true respect than even costly presents.

THE SQUIRREL.

squir'-rel.	wis'-dom.	sum'-mer.
dan'-cer.	Wil'-liam.	weath'-er.
ex-claimed'.	sup-plies'.	an'-swer.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay,"
Little Henry exclaimed to his brother;
"He has nothing to do or to think of but play,
And to jump from one tree to another."

But William was older and wiser, and knew
That all play and no work wouldn't answer;
So he asked what the squirrel in winter must do,
If he spent all the summer a dancer.

"The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go together;
He lays up in summer his winter supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold weather."

BERNARD BARTON.

COTTON.

veg'-e-ta-ble.	Sa-van'-nah.	cul'-ti-va-ted.
gath'-ered.	her-ba'-ceous.	con-ve'-nient.
va-ri'-e-ty.	es'-ti-ma-ted.	ma-chin'-e-ry.

COTTON is a vegetable down of great softness, with very fine fibres, and grows naturally in the warm countries within the tropics. There are many varieties of the cotton plant, but those most widely diffused are herbaceous cotton, shrub cotton, and tree cotton. The first mentioned is the most useful. It is an annual plant, and is the kind chiefly cultivated in the United States and in the East Indies. It grows from two to five feet in height, is rich in foliage, and its fruit is preceded by flowers of a white or pale yellow colour. As the flowers fade a pod is formed of the size of a small walnut, which contains the fibres of the cotton, and as the pod ripens it grows larger, and the snow-white fibres burst forth ready to be gathered.

In the United States the cotton seed is sown in the months of March and April, and its fruit is

gathered through the period from August till the end of the year. The value of the cotton crop of these States amounts to nearly thirty millions of pounds sterling. The small islands which extend along the American coast from Charleston to Savannah were found, from their sandy soil and nearness to the sea, to produce very fine, long, and strong stapled cotton, which commands the highest price in the market, and has been called Sea Island cotton. A moist climate and a sandy soil seem to produce the most useful cotton; but for the growth of very fine and long stapled cotton a mixture of salt, both in the soil and in the air, appears to be necessary. The herbaceous cotton plant has been cultivated in India from a very remote period of time; and the principal clothing of the inhabitants of eastern Asia, in all ages, has been made of cotton. The beauty and fineness of Indian muslins have long excited the admiration of Europeans.

The cottons produced in the West Indies, in Brazil, and Egypt, are from the shrub; and it is observed that the fibres become coarser as the plant grows old. Cotton is now widely cultivated in Egypt, and has continued to extend since 1821, when Mehemet Ali, at that time ruler of the country, exerted his power to introduce its cultivation. The quality has been found to be not much inferior to the Sea Island cotton of the United States.

Tree cotton is very little known in Europe; but in Borneo, and in many other warm countries, the plant on which it grows is found in a wild state. For ease in culture, and in gathering the cotton as

it ripens, it is evident that the plant and the shrub are most convenient, and that the tree cannot always be safely climbed to obtain its downy fruit.

It is estimated that the value of cotton cloth and cotton yarn made annually in Great Britain amounts to fifty-four millions of pounds sterling, and that an equal amount of capital has been spent in buildings and machinery for conducting the manufacture.

COMPILED.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

e'-ven-ing.	sup-plied'.	help'-less.
plu'-mage.	watch'-ful.	re-fresh'-ing.
gra'-cious.	sol'-emn.	be-neath'.
pro-tect'-ing.	pro-tect'-ed.	in'-fants.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep
With thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear—
Of thee to think with solemn thought—
Thy goodness to revere.

Thy goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent, and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,

Who through the darkness of the night
For safety trusts to thee.

The little birds, that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to thee are one;
The helpless are thy care;
And for the sake of thy dear Son
Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

champ'-ing.	threat'-ened.	con-di'-tion.
im-pe'-ri-ous.	or'-na-ments.	im-me'-di-ate-ly.
bus'-i-ness.	neigh'-ing.	mil'-i-ta-ry.
thun'-der-ing.	en-gage'-ment.	be-lieved'.

A HORSE, adorned with his great war saddle, and champing his foaming bridle, came thundering along the way, and made the mountains echo with his loud shrill neighing. He had not gone far before

he overtook an ass, who was labouring under a heavy burden, and moving slowly on the same track with himself. Immediately he called out to him in a haughty and imperious tone, and threatened to trample him in the dirt if he did not clear the way for him. The poor patient ass, not daring to dispute the matter, quietly got out of his way as quick as he could, and let him go by. Not long after this, the same horse, in an engagement with the enemy, happened to be shot in the eye, which made him unfit for show or military service; so he was stripped of his fine ornaments, and sold to a carrier. The ass meeting him in this forlorn condition, thought that now it was his time to speak; so says he, "Hey day, friend, is this you? Your present condition will show to all the world that pride like yours is always sure to get a fall."

ÆSOP'S "FABLES."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

pres'-i-dent.	re-cov'-er-y.	in-quired'.
com-plete'-ly.	fa'-vour-ite.	blos'-somed.
ex-claimed'.	her'-o-ism.	un-luck'-i-ly.
im-mod'-er-ate-ly.	chop'-ping.	sus-pect'-ed.

WHEN George Washington, late President of the United States of America, was about six years of age, some one made him a present of a hatchet, of which, being like most children, immoderately fond, he went about chopping everything that came in his way; and going into the garden he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry tree, which he barked so completely

as to leave very little hope of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in this condition, and inquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have given the tree for five guineas; but nobody could inform him. Presently after, George came, with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected that his son was the offender. "George," said he, "do you know who killed the cherry tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "I can't tell a lie, Papa—you know I can't tell a lie; 'twas I who cut it with the hatchet." "Run to my arms, my boy," exclaimed his father; "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree: for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more to me than a thousand cherry trees, though blossomed with silver, and bearing fruits of gold."

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

be-gin'-ning.	ev-er-last'-ing.	ac-knowl'-edge.
de-liv'-er.	un-der-stand'-ing.	dis-crē'-tion.
vi'-o-lence.	prec'-ious.	right'-eous.
mem'-o-ry.	foun-da'-tion.	rev'-e-nues.
in-struc'-tion.	right'-eous-ness.	a-bom-i-na'-tion.
mer'-chan-dise.	in-her'-i-tance.	trans-gres'-sor.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge

him, and he shall direct thy paths. Incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding. Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest for her as for silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then thou shalt understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God; for the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, and understanding shall keep thee; to deliver thee from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh froward things. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy feet shall not stumble. When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish; but he casteth away the substance of the wicked. Blessings are upon the head of the just; but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked. The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked

shall rot. The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him; but the desire of the righteous shall be granted. As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more; but the righteous is an everlasting foundation. The righteousness of the upright shall deliver them; but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished; but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered. A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord; but a man of wicked devices will he condemn. A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children, and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just. In the house of the righteous is much treasure; but in the revenues of the wicked is trouble. The way of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but he loveth him that followeth after righteousness. The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge, and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor. When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

where'-fore.	hus'-band.	char'-i-ty.
loi'-tered.	there'-fore.	si'-lent-ly.
com-plain'.	par'-ish.	sol'-dier.

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me.
"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;

And we were wrapt and coated well,
  And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
  His locks were few and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
  In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
  But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
  To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
  And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
  When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
  And he lay sick in bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
  Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
  Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
  And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there
  When the wind it was so chill;
She turned her head and bade the child
  That screamed behind be still.

She told us that her husband served,
A soldier far away;
And therefore to her parish, she
Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
"You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee."

SOUTHEY.

ART OF PRINTING.

ān'-cient.	par-tic'-u-lar.	ar-ranged'.
al'-pha-bet.	im-pres'-sion.	fin'-ish-es.
per-formed'.	pur'-chase.	con-tin'-ued.
to-geth'-er.	pre-pār'-ing.	di-vis'-ions.

IN ancient times, learned men wrote what they had to say on any subject, in a book made of leaves of plants sewed together, and other persons copied these books by writing, so as to make a number of copies of one thing. It required so much time and labour to transcribe books with the pen that they were very scarce, and so very dear that none but the rich could purchase them. A single copy of the Bible in those times was sold for as much as four hundred pounds. This slow and dear way of preparing books continued till the art of printing was invented by a German, about the year 1437, upwards of four hundred years ago.

Printing is done by means of types and a printing press. Types are small objects made chiefly of lead, and are about an inch in length. For every letter

in the alphabet, large and small, there is a particular type with that letter shaped on one end of it, so that with this shaped end the letter can be stamped on a piece of paper.

Types are arranged in divisions or boxes in a case, each box having a number of its own letter in it, and when printing is to be performed, a letter is taken from one box and a letter from another, till words are formed by the types, and these words are made to stand together in lines. In this way whole pages are put up in types.

After the types are put up in pages, they are laid on a flat surface in a printing press, and thinly covered with ink by means of a soft roller. A sheet of paper is now laid upon them, and the press being pulled hard on the back of the sheet, an impression is made; another is made in the same manner, and so on till many hundreds are printed. After all the sheets have been printed on one side, they are printed on the other, and this finishes the work.

"RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE."

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS NOBLE SERVANT.

Rus'-sian.	dis-tinct'.	a-go-niz'-ing.
inn'-keep-er.	de-struc'-tion.	de-mand'-ed.
lis'-ened.	car'-riage.	pol'-ished.
ap-proach'-ing.	dau*gh*'-ter.	howl'-ing.
trav'-el-ling.	mourn'-ful.	per'-fect-ly.
en-treat'-ed.	hard'-ened.	pre-vailed'.

A RUSSIAN nobleman was travelling, in the early part of winter, over a bleak plain. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of

horses to go on. The inn-keeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger abroad: the wolves were out. He thought the object of the man was to keep him a guest for the night; and thinking it was too early in the season for wolves, he ordered the horses to be put to, in spite of the continued warnings of the landlord. The carriage drove away with the nobleman, his wife, and their only daughter.

On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. They rolled on over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road appeared like polished silver. At length the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange dull sound I just heard?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest we have just passed." The child shut her eyes, and was quieted for the time; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with affright, she turned to her father and said, "Surely that is not the wind; I heard it again. Did you not hear it too? Listen." The nobleman listened; and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though his family did not.

He put down the glass, and said to the serf, "I think they are after us; we must make haste; tell the post-boy to drive faster, and get your musket and pistols ready; I will do the same; we may yet escape."

The man drove faster; but the mournful howling which the child had first heard began to come nearer and nearer, and it was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and were in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up to us, single you out the leader, and fire; I will single out the next, and as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him: that will be some delay at least."

By this time they could see the wolves fast approaching, with their long measured tread, a large wolf-dog leading. They singled out two, and they fell; the pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and quickly tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the carriage. A second time the nobleman and his servant fired, and two more fell, which were instantly devoured as before; but the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman cried to the post-boy, "You must let one of the horses loose from the carriage, in order that when the wolves come up to him, their destruction of the horse may gain us a little time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road: in a few minutes they heard the loud agonizing shriek of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. Again they urged on the carriage, but again their enemies were in full pursuit. A second horse

was sent adrift, and shared the same fate as his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life; it is perfectly clear to me that we cannot all reach the post-house alive; I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you." "No," said the master; "we will live together or die together;" but the entreaties of the man at length prevailed. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me; when the wolves next reach us I will jump down and do my best: I will arrest their progress."

The carriage rolls on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it; the wolves are close on their track, and almost dash against the doors of the carriage. Presently is heard the discharge of the servant's pistols as he leaps from his seat. Soon the door of the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

On the following morning they went to the spot where the wolves had pulled the devoted servant to pieces, and the nobleman caused a large wooden cross to be erected there, bearing the inscription, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

CHAPNEYS.

HYMN.

be-span'-gled. | am'-bi-ent. | sup'-pli-ant. | gra'-cious.

WHOM have I in the heavens high,
Or in the star-bespangled sky?
Whom on the earth? whom on the sea?
None, mighty Lord of Hosts, but thee!

Where'er I wander there thou art;
In all my thoughts thou hast a part;
I could not breathe, I could not be
One moment, Lord, apart from thee.

In silent watches of the night,
When all is dark, my mind is light,
And in ten thousand ways I see
The goodness of the Lord to me.

At early morn my humble prayer
Is wafted on the ambient air;
At closing eve I love to be
An humble suppliant, Lord, to thee.

I am a stranger in the land—
Lord, guide me by thy gracious hand;
And may at last my dwelling be
In endless glory, Lord, with thee.

G. M. BELL,
Author of "THE SCOTTISH MARTYRS."

THE FRENCH PRISONER AND THE FLOWER.

beau'-ti-ful.	gov'-ern-ment.	del'-i-cate.
de-lic'-ious.	ex-am'-ined.	per-mis'-sion.
per-sua'-ded.	com-pan'-ion.	brill'-iant.

THERE is a beautiful story in French of a prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison by Napoleon the Great because he was supposed to be an enemy of the government. One day as Charney (for that was the prisoner's name) was walking in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up from between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed, or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plant it was, but he felt a great interest in it. Shut up within those walls, away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love. Every day when he walked in the court he spent much time in looking at it. He soon saw some buds. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open; and when the flowers at length came out, he was filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colours in them—white, purple, and rose-colour; and there was a delicate silvery fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was delicious. Charney examined them more than he ever did flowers before; and never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these.

He guarded his plant with great care from all harm. He made a framework out of such things as he could get, so that it should not be broken down by some careless foot, or by the wind. One day there was a hailstorm, and to keep his tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner. It taught him some things that he had never learned before, though he was a very wise man. When he went into the prison he was an infidel. He did not believe there was a God; and among his scribblings on the prison wall he had written, "All things come by chance." But as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but God could make that flower; and he said that the flower had taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being set free! There was another prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. At one time it seemed as if it were going to die, and Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones around it, but he could not, without permission. The Italian girl managed to see the Empress Josephine, and to tell her about it; and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant

as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was loosened, and the flower was soon again as bright as ever.

Now, Josephine thought much of flowers. She, too, had a cherished flower—a sweet jasmine—that she had brought from the home of her youth, a far-off island in the West Indies. It had been planted and reared by her own hand; and though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it was dearer to her than all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot-houses. She thought a good deal, therefore, of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She inquired about him, and after a little time persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom. And when Charney left the prison he took the plant with him to his home, for he could not bear to part with this sweet companion that had cheered him in his lonely prison life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

"The Play Hour."

PRAYER.

morn'-ing.	Re-deem'-er's.	meek'-ness.
pe-ti'-tion.	kneel'-ing.	breath'-ing.
de-clin'-eth.	sol'-i-tude.	re-mem'-ber.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,

Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
  When friends are round thy way—
Even then the silent breathing—
  The spirit raised above—
Will reach His throne of glory,
  Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy nor blessing
  With this can we compare—
The power that He hath given us
  To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
  Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
  His love who gave thee all.

MRS. FOLLEN.

READING COLUMNS.

Vowel Terminations.—ble, dle, &c. = bl, dl, &c.

Ab'ba	An'y	Sta'ble	An'ger	Senna
vil'la	man'y	bri'dle	hun'ger	motto
stig'ma	ōn'ly	stee'ple	fin'ger	salvo
dog'ma	lone'ly	tri'fle	lin'ger	mellow
com'ma	cop'y	bu'gle	lon'ger	yellow
man'na	bod'y	ti'tle	stron'ger	billow
vis'ta	en'vy	shuf'fle	an'gry	pillow
stan'za	scur'vy	buc'kle	hun'gry	willow
Cu'ba	diz'zy	pur'ple	mŏn'grel	burrow
Chi'na	pig'my	stub'ble	sin'gly	sorrow
con'tra	thrif'ty	trem'ble	clan'gour	hollow
su'pra	safe'ty	stum'ble	fun'gous	study
e'ra	state'ly	grap'ple	An'kle	sturdy
hy'dra	like'ly	strug'gle	(ang'kle)	dusky
la'va	live'ly	baf'fle	ran'kle	poppy
stra'ta	nine'ty	bram'ble	un'cle	sully
Jun'to	wise'ly	pric'kle	tin'kle	sally

Terminations in which the Vowel or Diphthong has the Shut Sound of u.

om, &c. = um, &c., our = ur, ous = us, tion = shun.

At'ŏm	Can'nŏn	La'bour	Na'tion	Actor
ven'om	pen'non	o'dour	ra'tion	factor
lem'on	meth'od	rû'mour	mo'tion	terror
mel'on	syn'od	tu'mour	no'tion	horror
hav'oc	gam'bol	va'pour	lo'tion	error
had'dock	sym'bol	fa'vour	sta'tion	fervor
fag'ot	i'dol	fla'vour	pōr'tion	rector
big'ot	vi'ol	sa'vour	ac'tion	sector
bish'op	can'ton	är'bour	fac'tion	collop
gal'lop	pis'ton	här'bour	pac'tion	shallop
ten'or	car'rot	pi'ous	frac'tion	dragon
mi'nor	par'rot	mu'cous	sec'tion	flagon
cus'tom	fath'om	fa'mous	dic'tion	gallon
ran'som	bux'om	vi'nous	fic'tion	visor
com'mon	ten'don	fi'brous	fric'tion	tenet

Short Name Sounds. –ct, –pt, –xt, &c.

Cli'mate	Trib'ute	Com-pact'	A-dopt'
pi'rate	stat'ute	de-tract'	a-dapt'
sen'ate	vol'ume	trans-act'	ab-rupt'
in'mate	per'fume	ex-act'	cor-rupt'
mun'dane	trib'une	ob-ject'	pre-text'
mem'brane	fôr'tune	e-lect'	be-twixt'
cu'rate	prel'ude	re-flect'	un-mixed'
pri'vate	glob'ule	ne-glect'	an-nex'
wel'fare	pus'tule	col-lect'	an-nexed'
pur'chase	fig'ure	re-spect'	pre-fix'
man'date	ver'dure	sus-pect'	pre-fixed'
pros'trate	pic'ture	e-rect'	in-flict'
dec'ade	stric'ture	pre-dict'	in-flict'ed
va'cate	stat'ure	af-flict'	ob-struct'ed
tri'reme	rap'ture	re-strict'	Per'fect
sun'shine	na'ture	se-lect'	ab'ject

Occasional Sounds.

ä	â	i = ĕ	û ŭ	Starry
är'dent	Wârd'er	Fir'kin	Rû'by	startle
gär'ment	bôr'der	gir'dle	rûl'er	varlet
här'ness	fâlse'ly	mirth'fŭl	frû'gal	army
här'vest	âl'ways	whirl'ing	rû'ral	tardy
tär'nish	môr'sel	stir'rup	rûth'less	hardy
vär'nish	môr'tar	thirst'y	trû'ant	harpy
cär'go	wâ'ter	thir'ty	scrû'ple	Water
brä'vo	wâr'fare	con-firm'	prû'dent	palsy
fä'ther	ôr'gan	be-girt'	rû'mour	palfry
mär'ble	sôr'did	ŏ = u	rûde'ness	paltry
gär'gle	bâld'ness	Lŏve'ly	crû'el	also
heärt'less	câl'drŏn	cŏme'ly	crû'et	forty
jär'gŏn	fâl'ter	cŏm'bat	crûde'ly	order
är'bour	bâl'sam	cŏm'fort	rûe'fŭl	corner
här'bour	in-stâll'	cŏm'pass	rû'in	Mirth
är'mour	ab-hôr'	cŏm'rade	trû'ly	birth
pär'lour	ab-sôrb'	cŏv'ert	lös'ing	whirl
stär'ry	con-tôrt'	nŏth'ing	bös'ŏm	thirst

Diphthongs.

oy oi ou ow	ai ay ey	aw au	ea ēi iē
Roy'al	Dai'ry	Aw'fŭl	Wea'ry
loy'al	dai'sy	law'fŭl	year'ly
joy'fŭl	faith'fŭl	taw'ny	ea'sy
foi'ble	pain'fŭl	taw'dry	drear'y
toi'let	sai'lŏr	dawn'ing	ea'ger
loi'ter	tai'lŏr	fawn'ing	ea'gle
toil'sŏme	rai'ment	au'dit	bea'ver
moist'ure	faint'ness	plau'dit	treat'y
oint'ment	fail'ure	pau'per	east'ern
de-coy'	day'brēak	au'thŏr	treat'ment
em-ploy'	claim'ant	faul'ty	fea'ture
re-coil'	stair'case	vault'ed	crea'ture
ex-ploit'	beār'er	haw'thôrn	wiēld'ing
Coun'ty	greāt'ness	draw'back	yiēld'ing
vouch'er	ar-ray'	bawl'ing	ēi'ther
cow'ard	be-tray'	vaunt'ing	nēi'ther
cow'slip	o-bey'	law'yer	ap-pear'

Diphthongs, and final ed.

ea = ĕ	oa ōw ōu = ō	oo oû ew eu	ed = 'd
Head'long	Oak'um	Gloom'y	Sailed
break'fast	poach'er	loose'ly	failed
ear'ly	load'stone	fool'ish	feared
ear'nest	loath'sŏme	dooms'day	reared
dead'ly	boast'er	re-proof'	griēved
deaf'ness	coars'er	be-hoof'	roared
heav'y	board'er	bal-loon'	roamed
earth'ly	goat'herd	fes-toon'	lŏved
earn'ing	coarse'ly	cŭc'koo	rōved
learn'ing	hoarse'ly	foot'stool	stunned
peas'ant	lōw'ly	boy'hood	tūned
pleas'ant	slōw'ly	fâlse'hood	dīned
meas'ure (zh)	snōw'y	Poûr	spāred
pleas'ure (zh)	shōw'y	groûp	fished
health'y	mōul'dy	jew'el	wished
wealth'y	pōul'try	neut'er	rushed

Power of Accent.—Trisyllables.

Ga'zing	Ar'a-ble	Fal'li-ble	An'i-mal
ga-zette'	man'a-cle	cred'i-ble	nom'i-nal
pa'trŏn	laud'a-ble	vis'i-ble	in'fi-del
pa-trōl'	or'a-cle	ris'i-ble	cab'i-net
di'ver	mir'a-cle	plaus'i-ble	cap'i-tal
di-vert'	af'fa-ble	pos'si-ble	crit'i-cal
di'al	ob'sta-cle	ăr'ti-cle	mu'si-cal
di-van'	cul'pa-ble	ve'hi-cle	fes'ti-val
da'tive	pal'pa-ble	cu'ti-cle	mar'i-ner
la-ment'	prob'a-ble	mul'ti-ple	nau'ti-cal
ca'per	spec'ta-cle	char'i-ty	per'ti-nent
ca-nine'	trac'ta-ble	len'i-ty	pes'ti-lent
si'ren	cŏn'sta-ble	lev'i-ty	heav'i-ness
si-moom'	pin'na-cle	brev'i-ty	gid'di-ness
ca-nal'	mu'ta-ble	mu'ti-ny	con'fi-dent
ca-bal'	no'ta-ble	des'ti-ny	com'pli-ment
ma-nure'	cŏm'pa-ny	ver'i-ly	lof'ti-ness

Trisyllables.—Accent on First Syllable.

Sev'ĕr-al	Can'o-py	In'di-cāte	An'nu-al
min'er-al	mel'o-dy	im'pli-cate	grad'u-al
dif'fer-ent	pov'er-ty	nom'i-nate	ac'cu-rate
fe'ver-ish	prop'er-ty	rû'mi-nate	ac'tu-ate
in'ter-est	in'dus-try	prof'li-gate	reg'u-lar
sat'ir-ist	tap'es-try	ob'sti-nate	pop'u-lar
lib'er-al	rev'el-ry	em'i-grate	nat'u-ral
fed'er-al	ri'val-ry	sep'ar-ate	mu'tu-al
gal'ler-y	cal'um-ny	vi'o-late	an'gu-lar
fu'ner-al	mod'es-ty	des'o-late	sin'gu-lar
op'er-ate	den'si-ty	ren'e-gade	fab'u-lous
mod'er-ate	per'fi-dy	ret'ro-grade	stren'u-ous
nu'mer-ous	en'e-my	an'ec-dote	mon'u-ment
pros'per-ous	en'e-mies	an'ti-dote	doc'u-ment
fop'per-y	ed'i-fy	tel'e-scope	ed'u-cate
treach'er-y	ed'i-fies	mi'cro-scope	em'u-late
tem'per-ate	dig'ni-ties	ret'i-nue	oc'u-lar
ven'er-ate	dig'ni-fies	rev'e-nue	sec'u-lar
rev'er-end	sanc'ti-ty	at'tri-bute	op'u-lent

SECTION III.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—CHARITY.

neigh'-bour.	ca-lam'-i-ties.	re-proach'-eth.
hon'-our-eth.	op-press'-eth.	sub'-stance.
with-hold'-eth.	un-pun'-ished.	boun-'ti-ful.

WITHHOLD not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished. He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor. Whoso stoppeth

his ear at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, and shall not be heard.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

con'-stant-ly.	im-pos'-si-ble.	quar'-rel-ling.
re-quest'-ed.	sup-port'-ing.	un-friend'-ly.
dis-a-gree'-ing.	ex-pe'-dient.	ex-per'-i-ments.
rec'-on-cile.	fol'-low-ing.	o-ver-come'.
un-tied'.	u-nit-ed.	u'-ni-ty.

An old man had many sons, who were constantly falling out with one another. He had often tried various methods to reconcile them, but all to no purpose. At last he bethought himself of an expedient whereby he might prove to them the great folly of their unfriendly conduct towards each other. He got a bundle of small rods, and tied them firmly together with a strong cord. He then called all his sons into his presence, and requested them one by one to try and break the rods. Each in his turn exerted all his strength, but to no purpose; for the rods being closely and firmly bound together it was impossible for the strongest man to break them, so long as they remained thus united. The father then ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it. This was a matter very easily done, and the father now addressed them to the following effect:—"My sons, I think that by these experiments you will see the power of unity. The rods could not be broken by your greatest efforts so long as they were bound together; but as soon as they were untied they were snapped through with the greatest

ease. So, in like manner, if you, instead of disagreeing with one another, will keep yourselves constantly united in brotherly love, each aiding and supporting the other, no enemies will be able to prevail against you; but if, by quarrelling among yourselves, you break the ties of brotherly affection, you shall each in turn be easily overcome by those who desire your ruin."

ÆSOP'S "FABLES."

BEST CURE FOR TROUBLE.

la'-bour.	slug'-gard.	an'-vil's.
dis-turbs'.	shut'-tle.	i'-dle-ness.
ham'-mer.	stag'-nant.	tor'-por.

WORK, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song,
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke,
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
For are we not created rife
With health, that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
  Where idleness and plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread
  As those who earn the meals they eat.

ELIZA COOK.

THE LIGHTED LANTERN.

jour'-ney.	twi'-light.	im-pet'-u-ous.
ex-ceed'-ing-ly.	phan'-tom.	shiv'-er-ing.
good-hum'-our-ed-ly.	for'-tu-nate-ly.	un'-der-growth.
com-pan'-ion.	di-rec'-tion.	mag-nif'-i-cent.

A FATHER and a son were on a journey. It was late in the afternoon, but still clear day, when they came to a cottage by the road-side, and the father went in and borrowed a lighted lantern. The young man was exceedingly amused, and perhaps he was a little vexed. If any one should meet them carrying a lamp in the sunshine, it would look so absurd; and what in the world was the use of it? But the older traveller took the young man's remarks good-humouredly, and only answered, "The night cometh." And it did come. They passed no more cottages, but they got into a thick forest, where the daylight faded so rapidly that the lantern soon became a welcome companion. Not only was the sun gone down, but the last streak of twilight had vanished. It was dreadfully dark; but the good little lantern spread a constantly increasing light over the path of the travellers, and did not let one shadow or phantom come near them. At last the road divided. "Straight on!" cried the youth. "Not so fast,"

said the elder; "for though the path to the right is less trodden, perhaps it is the one we should take." Fortunately, at this moment they espied a finger-post, and holding the lamp as high as they could, they read the direction, and found that they would have gone utterly wrong, had they not taken the narrow and neglected foot-way. Rejoicing at their escape, they pushed on merrily; till by and by, with his frisky spirits, the youngster went a-head, and was far in advance of the lantern, when the old man heard a plash and a shout, and running up, was just in time to help ashore his impetuous boy, who had soused into a stagnant pool, and was crawling up the bank pale and shivering, with the leeches and duck-weed clinging to his garments. "You see the road was not through this pool, but round it. You should walk in the light;" and so they again set out together. As the stillness deepened, they sometimes heard a rustle in the bushy undergrowth, and distant howlings or a sharp snarl near-hand, warned them that the beasts of the forest were abroad; and once or twice they saw a pair of fiery opals glaring at them; but as soon as they turned the full flame of the lantern in that direction, the goblin retreated. We need not tell the whole adventures of the night; but at last they came to a place where a heavy moan arrested them, and searching in the copse, they found a man stretched on the ground, and badly hurt. He had either received a blow on the head, or he had inhaled some stupifying ether, for at first he talked very incoherently. It turned out, that as he had been coming along, a gentleman

in black had prevailed on him to cast his lantern into the ditch, and that soon after some footpad had knocked him down, dragged him off the road, and robbed him of all his money. As soon as he was somewhat restored, they set him on his beast, and journeyed on together. The day was breaking, and the forest was thinning off on the margin of a magnificent domain. They looked forth on vine-clad hills and a shining river; and though the palace itself could be descried but dimly—it was so far up in the dazzling sunrise—they could easily make out many mansions. "I am home!" cried the old man; and the full morning was reflected from his face as he added, "Mine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." And as he embraced his comrades, he handed over the lantern to his son, and said, "Keep this as a light unto your feet, and a lamp unto your path." The youth prized the keepsake. He found constant occasion for it. He brightened up the four windows, by which it sent its light backward and forward, and on either side; and with the point of a diamond he traced these mottoes on them:—

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to Thy word."

"When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light."

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a

light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

"If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"THE LAMP AND THE LANTERN."

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

al'-monds.	gen'-tle-ness.	af-fec'-tion-ate.
beau'-ti-ful.	com-plex'-ion.	worth'-less.
vi'-o-lets.	qual'-i-ties.	re-flec'-tion.

"DEAR Mama," said a little girl to her mother as they were walking together in the garden; "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer. What can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odour.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother! it *is* the little violet."

"Well, you may now know my child why I prefer

the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection shall say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

Mon'-ta-gu.	sauce'-pan.	news'-pa-pers.
re-fu'-sals.	de-scribe'.	rec'-og-nised.
chim'-ney.	sud'-den-ly.	hol'-i-day.

On the first day of May annually, the Montagu family used to give a splendid feast to the chimney sweepers in the city of London, on account of the kindness of a sweep to their little boy, as told in the following story:—

Lady Montagu being at her country seat, as usual in the summer time, sent out her little son Edward daily to walk with the footman, who had strict orders never to lose sight of him. One day, however, the servant meeting an old friend went into an alehouse to drink, and left the little boy running about by himself. After staying some time, the

footman came out to look for the child, and take him home to dinner, but he could not be found anywhere. The footman walked about till night, asking for the child at every cottage and every house, but in vain.

Lady Montagu was in the greatest distress about the absence of her dear boy during the whole day; but no one can describe her grief and despair when the footman returned and told her that he did not know what had become of him. People were sent everywhere to seek for him; notices were put in all the newspapers; bills were stuck up all over London, and in most of the great towns of England, offering a large reward to any one who would bring him back, or give any news of him. It was, however, all in vain, and at last it was believed that the poor child had fallen into some pond, or had been stolen by gipsies, who would not bring him back for fear of being punished.

Lady Montagu passed two long years in deep grief for her lost child. She did not return to London as usual, but passed her time in sorrow in the country. At length one of her sisters got married, and, after many refusals, Lady Montagu agreed to give a ball and supper on the occasion at her town house; but while the supper was being cooked the whole house was alarmed by a cry of fire.

It appears that one of the cooks had spilt the contents of a saucepan, and set fire to the chimney. The sweeps were called in, and a little boy was sent up; but the smoke nearly choked him, and he fell into the fireplace. Lady Montagu came herself with some vinegar and a smelling-bottle. She began to

bathe his temples and his neck, when suddenly she screamed out, "O Edward!" and fell senseless on the floor. She soon got better, and taking the little sweep in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, crying, "It is my dear Edward—it is my lost boy." She had recognised him by a mark on his neck.

His master, on being asked where he had got the child, stated that he had bought him about a year before from a gipsy woman, who told him that he was her own son. All the boy could remember was that some people had given him fruit, and said that they would take him home to his Mama. But they took him far away upon a donkey, and after keeping him a long while told him he must go and live with the chimney sweep, who was his father. They had beaten him so whenever he spoke of his Mama and of his fine house, that he was almost afraid to think of it; but he said his master, the chimney sweep, had always treated him very well.

Lady Montagu rewarded the man handsomely, and from that time she gave a feast to all the chimney sweepers of London on the first of May, the birthday of little Edward.

These events happened many, many years ago, and Lady Montagu and Edward are long since dead, but the first of May is still kept as the chimney sweepers' holiday, and you may see them on that day in all parts of London dressed in ribbons and all sorts of finery, dancing to music at almost every door, and beating time with the sooty brushes used in their trade.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

tri'-umph. | cru-sa'-ders. | Gal'-i-lee. | bil'-low-y.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty Sea!
For ever and the same;
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee
Those thunders naught can tame.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
Along thy wave is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill;

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown;

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the peaceable's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold,
And the still midnight hears the sound,
Even as at first it rolled.

Let there be silence deep and strange
Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

HEMANS.

A NOBLE ACT.

a-massed'.	pres'-i-pice.	re-fus'-ing.
ap-proached'.	de-ter'-mined.	re-mu-ner-a'-tion.
prop'-er-ty.	em-brac'-ing.	move'-ment.

THERE lived a certain man who had reached a great age, and who had amassed much wealth. Not having hopes of living much longer, he divided the bulk of his property among his three sons. But he set aside a jewel of great value, which he determined on giving to that one of his sons who should perform the most noble act within three months.

"Father," said the eldest, "one day a person entrusted me with a sum of money. He was quite a stranger to me, and he had no acknowledgment in writing, so that I might easily have kept it. I gave him back the whole, refusing his offers of remuneration." The father replied, "Your act was one of justice."

The second son approached his father and said,—"I was walking along the edge of a lake when a

child fell in, and, at the risk of my life, I plunged in, and brought it safely on shore to its distressed mother. Was that not a noble act, father?" "My son, it was but the instinct of human kindness."

The youngest son then said,—"One dark night I found my mortal enemy asleep on the edge of a precipice, without his being aware of it. The slightest movement on waking would have plunged him down the fearful abyss. I took care to rouse him with proper caution, and then directed him to a place of safety." "My dearest son," said the father, embracing him, "the jewel is thy due."

ANON.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

Skov-vron'-ski.	**ac-cord'-ing-ly.**	**en-no'-bled.**
de-vo'-tion.	**at-tend'-ant.**	**quick'-ened.**
of'-fi-cer.	**dis-mount'-ed.**	**em'-per-or.**
sur-round'-ing.	**in'-jured.**	**re-nowned'.**

THE day had closed, and the snow fell heavily as the pastor, Skovronski, reached the skirt of the wood surrounding the town in which he lived. Hearing the cries of a child, he stopped his horse to listen; but the noise of the wind could alone be heard, so he went on. In a minute after, the horse, of its own accord, suddenly stood still, and would not proceed any farther. The pastor dismounted, and stooping found a half-frozen child lying among the snow at his horse's feet. Taking it in his arms, he found that it was still alive. He could see nobody near, and although he called aloud he could get no answer.

Remounting his horse, with the child wrapped in his cloak before him, he quickened his pace, and soon arrived at his humble dwelling, and gave the child, which seemed about a year old, to his aged house-keeper to nurse and take care of. The child was a fine girl, with large black eyes, and so pretty that the pastor resolved to bring her up as his daughter, seeing that he could not by all his inquiries find out her parents or friends. He called her Catherine because he had found her on St. Catherine's day, that is the 25th of November. Years passed away, and Catherine, grown a tall, beautiful girl, assisted in the management of the household duties. Having a very sweet voice, she always sang cheerful songs at night for her adopted father, thus helping to make their home as happy as could be.

One day when Catherine was about thirteen years of age, the old pastor received some letters informing him of an attack to be made on their town by the Russians, and in order to keep her away from danger he sent her to stay with his sister, who lived at some distance from the town. Several days after her arrival there, Catherine heard the noise of cannon, and learning that a battle had been fought, in which she feared some evil had befallen the good pastor, she set off immediately for the town. She was taken prisoner by the soldiers, and carried before the general by a young officer, who was greatly struck with her boldness and devotion to her adopted father. For, having learned from the old house-keeper, whom she met by chance, that the pastor had been struck by a bullet, and was lying on the field of battle,

she at once resolved to seek him out amid the dead and dying, even although it was now dark, in the hope that perhaps he might only be wounded, and she might yet be able to save his life. The general granted her leave to go, upon giving her word of honour that she would return to his quarters again. The young officer went along with her, and helped her to find out and aid the poor old pastor, who was not dead, but had been severely injured, and had his arm broken. He now advised her to run away, and not return to the general, who would make her his slave; but she replied that she had given him her word, and would not break it. She returned to the general accordingly, who had never expected to see her again. The young officer who had followed her so closely inquired at him if he would sell his prisoner, and he would make her his wife, then turning to Catherine he asked her if she was willing to take him as her husband. She said, "I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a general." The officer then told her to go along with him to the tent of the Emperor, because he could not marry without his leave. They set out and soon came to a stately tent, into which the officer entered, while she remained outside.

Catherine had waited but a few minutes when an attendant came out and said, "Young lady, the Czar Peter wishes to see you."

She followed, and on entering the tent saw a great many officers standing, in the centre of whom was seated a man of about thirty years of age, whom she at once knew to be her late companion. "Where,

then, is the Czar?" asked Catherine, turning towards the person who had led her in.

"There!" said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"What! The man who is to be my husband?"

"Yes, Catherine, he is thy husband and the Czar likewise," said the Emperor, for it was he; and Peter I., Czar of Russia, taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future Empress.

The name of Catherine of Russia is still ranked as one of the greatest in the history of that country. The virtues of kindness, truth, and heroism, which ennobled her as the adopted daughter of the poor pastor, Skovronski, rendered her renowned as Empress of Peter the Great.

"CHAMBERS'S TRACTS."

THEY ARE GONE.

gath'-er-ing. | flow'-er-et. | ather'-ished. | e-ter'-nal.

THEY are gone from our number,
They are gone from their place;
Their studies are ended,
And finished their race;
And passed from amongst us
To heaven's blissful shore;—
The place that once knew them
Now knows them no more.

Thus gathering in sadness,
To-day we appear;

Each note of our music
This tone seems to bear—
"They are gone, and for ever—
They ne'er can return;
The living we pray for,
The dead we must mourn."

The beam of the morning,
The bud of the spring,
The promise of brightness
And beauty may bring;
But clouds gather darkness,
And, touched by the frost,
The pride of the morning,
The floweret, is lost.

The bright and the lovely
Thus ever decay;
The young and the cherished
Are passing away;
They are gone, and for ever—
They ne'er can return;
The living we pray for,
The dead we must mourn.

They are gone, and oh! whither?—
The bird on the wing,
Whose food's in the flowers,
Must follow the spring;
And thus our companions,
In life's flowery time,
Have passed to the Saviour
In heaven's blessed clime.

There youth blooms eternal,
And never is heard
(Its pure joys to sadden)
An earth-laden word.
They are gone, and for ever—
They ne'er can return;
The living we pray for,
The dead we must mourn.

"TRAINING-SCHOOL SONG-BOOK."

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

em-broid'-ered.	pro-claim'-ing.	Al'-torf.
re-bel'-lion.	gov'-er-nor.	sub-mis'-sive.
se-di'-tious.	Aus'-tri-an.	crin'-ging.
Gess'-ler.	Ber'-en-ger.	in-com'-pa-ra-ble.

THE sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eye was a handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that

every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it, in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and, leaning on his cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers, and then conducted to Gessler, who put some questions to him, which he answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering some seditious words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous as the best marksman in the canton. Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time, by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell, and said, "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer, and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed at a distance of a hundred yards, with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thy arrow I will pardon you both; but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The governor would not alter his

purpose; so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple, as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden-tree. Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down, and, taking a long time to choose an arrow, he managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt a long time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself—drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market place of Altorf was filled by loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotions, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose, and turned away from the Governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him,—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?" Tell replied that it was the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve. "Nay, nay," said Gessler; "tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

"CHAMBERS'S TRACTS."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Wan'-tage. | Berk'-shire. | Eth'-el-red. | swine'-herd.

ALFRED, named the Great, was born in the year 849, at Wantage, in Berkshire. He was not the right heir to the throne, but in those days men were wont to slip out of the straight line when a case of need arose; and the Danes were in such force, and had done of late so much hurt, that when King Ethelred fell in the field, they chose Alfred, the king's brother, to lead them; for though the late king had left two sons, they were both quite young. Alfred had been well brought up. In an age when few men could read he taught himself both to read and write. He was a brave prince, too, and could go through much toil; and he was as good as he was brave. At first he did not gain much in his wars with the Danes. They were too strong for him, and he was glad to make peace, and to give them more than half the land to live in. But they were not true men, and took up arms once more as soon as they knew that Alfred had laid his down. A new war took place, and Alfred was beaten, and fled all alone to his woods and fens. He had no bread nor meat to eat, and was sore of foot and quite broken-down when he came to a hut in a wood. There was no one within but a woman, who was the wife of a swine-herd; and when he told the sad tale, that he had fought with the Danes and now fled for his life, she took him for a young man whom his lord might have led to the wars from some far part of the land, and she was kind to him in her own way.

So also was the swine-herd when he came home; but they made the king work for them. He kept their swine and swept out their room, and did all that he could to help them. One day when he was set to watch some cakes which the goodwife had laid out to toast at the fire, there came in some men who spoke of troops and of chiefs who had drawn up in a fen not far off, and how they meant to go and fight the Danes, but were grieved in heart because good King Alfred could not be found. The king was so much struck with what he heard that he paid no heed to the cakes till they were all burned black, upon which the woman scolded him sharply, but while she spoke he rose up and told who he was. The man and his wife did not know what to do or say, but the king took them by the hand and told the men who brought the good news how kind they had been to him. He then bid them good-bye, and went at once to the fen.

There he found the troops and chiefs all assembled, but at a loss to know what next to do. The Danes, they said, were in great force, and they did not care to go out to fight them. He then put on the dress of a bard, took a harp in his hand—on which he could play with great skill—and went to the camp of the Danes, who came round him in crowds to hear him sing, for they were fond of such sports. At last they took him through the camp to the tent of their chief, to whom he sang and played. He had gained his end. He now knew all the road to and through the camp; where the guards were set;

where the tent of the chief stood; when he went to feast; how much wine and strong drink he drank. He went back full of these things to the fen, and next night led out his own troops, and fell on the Danes when they were off their guard, and cut them to pieces.

GLEIG'S "ENGLAND."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

cu'-ri-ous. | gaus'-y. | bril'-liant. | flat'-ter-ing. | coun'-sel-lor. | bus'-sing.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy:
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things
To show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly;
"To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly;
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly—
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly;
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
So I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf,
If you step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon come back again;

So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing.
Your robes are green and purple—
There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And her green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast!

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed;

Unto an evil counsellor,
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—ANGER AND HATRED.

ex-alt'-eth.	con-ten'-tion.	bab'-bling.
griev'-ous.	qui'-et-ness.	de-fer'-reth.
trans-gres'-sion.	fu'-ri-ous.	sac'-ri-fi-ces.

HE that is soon angry dealeth foolishly, and a man of wicked devices is hated. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with. Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go, lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul. Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him. The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression. An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression.

Hatred stirreth up strife, but love covereth all things. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than an houseful of sacrifices with strife.

A man that hath friends must show himself *friendly;* and there is a friend that sticketh closer

than a brother. Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; for better is a neighbour that is near than a brother far off. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

DRUNKENNESS.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine shall not be rich. Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

COVETOUSNESS.

He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him. A faithful man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold. Riches

profiteth not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death. An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed. Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice. Divers weights and divers measures both of them are alike abomination to the Lord; and a false balance is not good. A just weight and balance are the Lord's: all the weights of the bag are his work. A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

grat'-i-tude.	trib'-ute.	ex-pressed'.
un-con'-scious.	wax'-en.	clŏth'-ing.
num'-ming.	in-struct'.	em-ploy'.

ONCE more the light of day I see;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to thee
Of gratitude and praise.

The "busy bee" ere this hath gone
O'er many a bud and bell;
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

O may I, like the bee, still strive
Each moment to employ,
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that cannot cloy.

The skylark from its lowly nest
Has soared into the sky,
And by its joyous song expressed
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring;
But thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To thee in praise and prayer,
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share.

For all the gifts thy bounty sends,
For which so many pine—
For food and clothing, home, and friends,
Since all these boons are thine.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe thee day by day;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget
To thee, O God, to pray.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE NILE.

o-ver-flow'-ing.	a-ban'-doned.	rev'-er-enced.
fre'-quent.	con'-quered.	mois'-ture.
dan'-ger-ous.	de-pos'-its.	for'-eign.
pre-ser-va'-tion.	a-wa'-kened.	ac-com'-plished.
fer-til-is'-ing.	pro-ceed'-ings.	in-spi-ra'-tion.
re-fresh'-ing.	tyr'-an-ny.	in'-ter-est-ed.

THERE is a land far south of ours where the sky is almost always cloudless, and the sun is always bright

and warm. As rain but very seldom falls there, no crops of grain, or fruits, or flowers would grow, were it not that a great broad river runs through the whole country from south to north, overflowing its banks at certain seasons, and fertilizing the fields with its deposits of moisture and fine mud, brought down from the high lands in the south.

One day the king's daughter came to bathe in the river, attended by her maidens, it being the custom in that country to have recourse to frequent bathing and washing, in order to promote health by cleanliness and refreshing coolness in that warm climate. When walking along she observed something floating among the tall weeds which grew close by the bank of the river. She sent one of her maids to fetch it up, and when it was brought to her she found it to be a sort of cradle, formed of large rushes, within which was a beautiful little boy about three months old. The babe, being just awakened out of sleep, began to cry. The king's daughter pitied the poor foundling, and, taking a great liking to him at the same time, she resolved to bring him up as her own son. She knew that the infant was the offspring of a foreign race held in bondage by her father, who had a short time before passed a law commanding all their male children to be killed as soon as they were born. The females were to be preserved alive, as they were more willing slaves and less dangerous to their masters in times when foreign wars compelled the king to send his soldiers away to battle. She perceived, therefore, that the child had not been aban-

doned by his parents, but merely hidden in that place to prevent him from being killed by the executioners of a most cruel and unjust law.

A young girl who stood at a little distance watching the whole proceedings, and had heard how much the king's daughter was pleased with the child, now came nearer, and told her that she knew a woman who would be willing to nurse the child for her. She was told to bring the woman, which she did, and the king's daughter gave her the infant, and bade her nurse it, and she would pay her well for her trouble. Now the little girl was the child's sister, and the woman brought to nurse him was his own mother. This plan had been adopted in order to save the child's life, and it turned out to be very successful.

As this fair young boy grew up, he was brought to the palace of the king, and got all the learning of a prince. He, however, felt grieved at the tyranny which was exercised over the people to whom he in reality belonged, and when he became a strong man he defended them against their oppressors, and at last was so provoked that he killed a man who was beating one of his nation. For this crime he had to flee from that country, but was afterwards appointed by God to be the deliverer of his people from slavery, which he at last accomplished by performing very many wonderful acts, which so terrified the cruel king that he allowed them all to go away.

During many years after this the people followed their deliverer, who led them from place to place through many strange districts, and did many more wonderful things for their safety and preservation.

The people at last reached a beautiful and fertile land, which they conquered and divided amongst them; but before this their great leader had died, reverenced and regretted by all; for not only had he rescued their race from bondage, led them to the borders of that fair land which they had so long wished to reach, but had also, under the inspiration of the God of their fathers, written out for their future direction a code of the best laws that were ever framed for the use of man.

These laws form the groundwork of those under which we live at the present day. It is not, therefore, wonderful that after the lapse of four thousand years we should all feel deeply interested in the eventful history of the foundling of the Nile.

STAR OF THE EAST.

he-ri'-son.	e'-son.	re-clin'-ing.
mon'-arch.	Re-deem'-er.	a-do-ra'-tion.
a-dorn'-ing.	ob-la'-tion.	of'-fer-ings.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
  Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
  Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
  Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
  Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HEBER.

COFFEE.

cir-cum'-fe-rence.	bev'-er-age.	trans-pa'-rent.
sep'-a-ra-ted.	op'-po-site.	par-tic'-u-lar.
um-brel'-la.	cul-ti-va'-tion.	spe'-cies.

THE coffee-tree is a native of Eastern Africa, but it was in Arabia that it first became known to the people of Europe. The plant is an evergreen, and is from six to twelve feet high, the stem being from ten to fifteen inches in circumference. When it is full-grown it is very like our apple-trees of eight or ten years' standing. The lower branches bend down when the tree begins to grow old, and extend themselves into a round form somewhat like an umbrella; and the wood is so very pliable that the ends of the largest branches may be bent down within two or three feet of the earth. The bark is whitish and somewhat rough, and the leaf is much like that of

the citron-tree. It continues green all the year, and the tree is never without leaves, which are ranged almost opposite on each side of the bough, and at small distances from each other. Nothing is stranger in its kind than its produce, for almost in all seasons of the year, blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on the same tree at the same time. When the blossom falls off, there springs out in its place a small fruit, green at first, but which becomes red as it ripens. This fruit is not unlike a large cherry, and is very good to eat. Under the pulp of this cherry, instead of the stone, is found the bean or berry we call coffee, wrapped round in a fine thin skin. The berry is then very soft, and has a bad taste; but as the cherry ripens the berry in the inside grows harder, and the dried-up fruit, being the flesh or pulp of it, which was before eatable, becomes a shell or pod of a deep brown colour. The berry is now solid, and of a clear, transparent green. Each shell contains one berry, which splits into two equal parts. When the fruit is so ripe that it can be shaken from the tree, the husks are separated from the berries, and are used in Arabia by the natives, while the berries are sent to the markets of Europe.

The plants are inserted at distances of six or eight feet, and in holes from twelve to eighteen inches deep. If left to themselves they would rise to the height of sixteen or eighteen feet, but they are usually topped and stunted to about five feet, so that the fruit may be easily got at by the gatherer. Thus dwarfed, they extend their branches until they cover the whole spot round about them. They

begin to yield fruit in the third year. By the sixth or seventh year they are at full bearing, and continue to bear for upwards of twenty years.

It has now become known that the leaves of the coffee-plant contain the same essence for which the berries are so much valued, and that in the Island of Sumatra the natives scarcely use anything else, and greatly prefer a beverage made from the leaf to that made from the berry itself. The leaves undergo a process similar to tea, and they possess all the virtues of either tea or coffee. This may prove a very useful discovery; for whilst the cultivation of the coffee-plant for the sake of its fruit is limited to particular soils and very warm climates, the tree produces leaves anywhere within the tropics where the soil is fertile. Before the berry can be used it undergoes a process of roasting, and its valuable properties depend much on how this process is performed.

COMPILED.

NOT ALL ALONE.

va'-cant.	sanc'-ti-fy.	pe-cu'-liar.
har'-mo-nies.	myr'-i-ad.	vouch-safed'.
sol'-i-tude.	wan'-der-ing.	ju'-bi-lant.

OH! say not thou art all alone
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown—
The vacant chair—the silent hearth.
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude?

Not all alone: the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven he sings—
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmur twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp—cicada's glee;—
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone: the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies,
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify.
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say thou art not all alone!

Not all alone: a watchful eye
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall—
A saving hand is ever nigh—
A gracious God attends thy call.
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
His tenderest mercy oft is shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou wilt never be alone.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

READING COLUMNS.

Accent on Second Syllable. *e silent in en.*

A-ban'dŏn	En-coun'ter	A-bil'i-ty	E'v*en*
a-bol'ish	en-deav'our	re-al'i-ty	sev'*en*
ac-cus'tŏm	con-fine'ment	ca-lam'i-ty	driv'*en*
ad-mon'ish	a-tone'ment	ex-trem'i-ty	rāv'*en*
de-mer'it	a-pos'tate	per-pet'u-al	heav'*en*
in-her'it	in-tes'tate	con-tin'u-al	weak*en*
fa-nat'ic	con-tem'plate	in-an'i-mate	happ*en*
pa-thet'ic	com-pen'sate	as-sim'i-late	ōp*en*
he-ro'ic	pre-fer'ment	al-le'vi-ate	tāk*en*
po-et'ic	in-sol'vent	re-pu'di-ate	shāk*en*
a-sy'lum	se-cure'ly	sta-bil'i-ty	līk*en*
de-co'rum	se-rene'ly	hu-mil'i-ty	spōk*en*
ma-ter'nal	ad-ven'ture	in-grat'i-tude	brōk*en*
noc-tur'nal	de-pär'ture	si-mil'i-tude	less*en*
pro-po'sal	re-luc'tant	pros-per'i-ty	loos*en*
re-fu'sal	in-cum'bent	ad-ver'si-ty	fâll*en*

Accent on Third Syllable.

ŏr, ŏt, ŏn, &c. = ur, ut, un, &c.

Dis-a-gree'	Se-ni-ŏr	In-fe'ri-ŏr	th *sharp*
dis-ap-prove'	ju'ni-ŏr	su-pe'ri-ŏr	& th *flat.*
dom-i-neer'	me'te-ŏr	ex-te'ri-ŏr	Path
in-ter-fere'	wâr'ri-ŏr	com-pet'i-tŏr	päth*s*
com-pre-hend'	au'di-tŏr	con-spir'a-tŏr	bath
rec-om-mend'	mon'i-tŏr	pro-pri'e-tŏr	bäth*s*
dis-ap-pear'	ed'i-tŏr	con-trib'u-tŏr	bā*th*e
vol-un-teer'	cred'i-tŏr	ex-ec'u-tŏr	oath
dis-ap-point'	pe'ri-ŏd	Me-di-a'tŏr	oath*s*
con-tra-dict'	vit'ri-ŏl	glad-i-a'tŏr	youth
dis-con-tent'	char'i-ŏt	mal-e-fac'tŏr	youth*s*
rep-re-sent'	pa'tri-ŏt	ben-e-fac'tŏr	loath
sū-per-fine'	gŏv'er-nŏr	co-ad-ju'tŏr	loa*th*e
coun-ter-mine'	bach'e-lŏr	Op'er-ā-tŏr	sheath
är-ti-san'	sim'ple-tŏn	nu'mer-ā-tŏr	shea*th*e
car-a-van'	skel'e-tŏn	cul'ti-vā-tŏr	*w*reath
rec-ol-lect'	em'per-ŏr	nav'i-gā-tŏr	*w*rea*th*e

Soft C.

C *sounds like* s *before* e, i, *and* y, *except in* sceptic.

Sur'face	Vi'ces (vi'siz)	No'tice (is)	Scēne
pal'ace	pla'ces	crev'ice	scēn'er-y
men'ace	gra'ces	ed'i-fice	scep'tre
pin'nace	Em-brace'	or'i-fice	scim'i-tar
sol'ace	dis-grace'	av'a-rice	fas'ci-nate
i'cy	en-tice'	är'ti-fice	scep'tic (sk)
spi'cy	ef-faced'	cow'ar-dice	Pa-cif'ic
cen'sŏr	re-duced'	prec'i-pice	spe-cif'ic
cer'tain	re-joice'	se'cre-cy	de-fi'ance
can'cer	pre-tence'	pol'i-cy	re-li'ance
ul'cer	con-vince'	leg'a-cy	ec-cen'tric
mer'cer	pro-nounce'	fal'la-cy	pre-cep'tŏr
lu'cid	en-hance'	de'cen-cy	oc-cur'rence
ac'id	a-scend'	clem'en-cy	re-luc'tance

G *generally sounds like* j *before* e, i, *and* y. -ition = -ishun.

Re'gent	Pre-judge'	Fōr'ger-y	Ambition
le'gend	a-bridge'	eu'lo-gy	condition
a'gent	con-geal'	en'er-gy	perdition
pun'gent	gen-teel'	a'gen-cy	lärgition
gen'der	e-merge'	el'e-gy	contrition
ges'ture	di-verge'	ef'fi-gy	position
chān'ging	al-lege'	co'gen-cy	pärtition
rān'ging	ob-lige'	pag'an-try	addition
dān'ger	en-lärge'	prog'e-ny	fruition
mān'ger	dis-chärge'	vig'i-lance	suspicion
strān'ger	in-dulge'	reg'i-cide	vicious
mär'gin	ex-punge'	reg'i-men	fictitious
vir'gin	a-venge'	reg'i-ment	officious
cler'gy	in-fringe'	veg'e-tate	judicious
din'gy	ex-chānge'	mag'is-trate	malicious
mag'ic	sug-gest'	leg'i-ble	delicious
trag'ic	en-rage'	tan'gi-ble	pernicious
log'ic	di-vulge'	reg'is-ter	auspicious
rig'id	en-gage'	här'bin-ger	flagitious

Qua-, que-, qui-, quo, = kwa, kwe, kwi, kwo.

Quick	Se'quel	Con'se-quence	Build
quaff	fre'quent	sub'se-quent	guilt
quilt	e'qual	quack'er-y	guess
quench	se'quence	quăd'ru-ped	guest
quell	van'quish	quer'u-lous	guin'ea
quest	con'quest	qui'e-tude	gui-tär'
quilt	ban'quet	ac-qui-esce'	pla'guy
quirk	tran'quil	quan-da'ry	ro'guish
quit	ac-quaint'	quī-es'cence	ro'guer-y
quite	e-quip'	quin-tes'sence	con'quer
qui'et	e-squire'	quo-ta'tion	cir-cuit
queen	re-quite'	se-ques'ter	bis'cuit
quake	re-quire'	re-lin'quish	cŏn'duit
quail	re-quest'	de-lin'quent	doq'uet
quaint	be-quest'	E-qual'i-ty	piq'uant
quire	be-queath'	ob-liq'ui-ty	liq'uŏr
quote	a-quat'ic	in-iq'ui-ty	co-quette'
quâlm	co-e'qual	an-tiq'ui-ty	guärd

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ia, io, &c. sion = zhun, sure = zhure, &c.

Fil'ial	O-pin'iŏn	Fo'li-o	Vision
triv'ial	do-min'ion	jo'vi-al	derision
lin'eal	com-pan'ion	la'bi-al	provision
Dan'iel	o-bliv'ion	fo'li-age	collision
span'iel	re-cip'ient	o'di-um	decision
id'iŏm	in-vid'ious	o'pi-um	division
id'iŏt	me-rid'ian	me'di-um	occa'sion
val'iant	per-fid'ious	ā'li-en	inva'sion
brill'iant	ci-vil'ian	am'bi-ent	persua'sion
bil'ious	I-tal'ian	car'ri-er	adhe'sion
ruff'ian	bat-tal'ion	ob'vi-ate	explo'sion
bann'ian	re-bell'ion	de'vi-ous	confu'sion
pann'ier	ver-mill'ion	cham'pi-ŏn	delu'sion
fron'tier	pa-vil'ion	scôr'pi-ŏn	conclu'sion
dall'iance	fa-mil'iar	côr'di-al	Measure
ŏn'iŏn	aux-il'iar	au'di-ence	pleasure
mill'iŏn	punc-til'io	sa'pi-ence	treasure
pill'iŏn	con-viv'ial	cu'ri-ous	lēisure

Exercises on Silent Letters.

La*mb*	G*h*ōst	Isle	sig*h*
lim*b*	g*h*âst'ly	isl'and	thig*h*
dum*b*	r*h*et'ŏr-ic	of'*ten*	fight
cōm*b*	r*h*ap'so-dy	sof'*ten*	flight
clīmb	r*h*yme	hās'*ten*	spright'ly
töm*b*	t*h*yme	chās'*ten*	height
wöm*b*	ast*h*'ma	fâs'*ten*	light'ning
de*b*t	ist*h*'mus	lis'*ten*	neigh (ā)
dou*b*t	*K*nife	chris*t*'mas	weigh
su*b*tle	*k*nōw	mort'gage	eight
Mus'cle	*k*nead	cas*t*le	weight
in-dīct'	*k*nock	nes*t*le	freight
*G*naw	Hym*n*	this*t*le	in-veigh'
*g*närl	sol'em*n*	bris*t*le	neigh'bour
sī*g*n	col'um*n*	bus*t*le	thōugh (ō)
de-sī*g*n'	au'tum*n*	*h*os'tler	dōugh

-ile, -ine, -ite, ize.

Fac'il*e*	Gen'tīl*e*	Base (s)	Al'legŏry
doc'il*e*	se'nīl*e*	loose	cat'egŏry
ag'il*e*	e'dīl*e*	ba'sis	prom'issŏry
frag'il*e*	rec'on-cīl*e*	cri'sis	nu'gatŏry
mis'sil*e*	tur'pen-tīn*e*	pre-cise'	pred'atŏry
rep'til*e*	pôr'cu-pīn*e*	con-cise'	man'datŏry
fer'til*e*	an'o-dȳn*e*	ver-bose'	pref'atŏry
fu'til*e*	Le'vīt*e*	re-cluse'	pur'ga.Ъry
hos'til*e*	con'trīt*e*	pro-fuse'	ter'ritŏry
ser'vil*e*	ex'pe-dīt*e*	re-lease'	tran'sitŏry
pu'er-il*e*	rec'on-dīt*e*	sua'sive	ro'tatŏry
vol'a-til*e*	er'e-mīt*e*	e-va'sive	or'atŏry
ver'sa-til*e*	par'a-sīt*e*	a-bu'sive	au'ditŏry
Fam'in*e*	an'*ch*o-rīt*e*	pre-side'	des'ultŏry
rap'in*e*	ap'pe-tīt*e*	curios'ity	con'tumely
des'tin*e*	sat'ell-it*e*	Prism (z)	in'ventŏry
doc'trin*e*	pros'e-lȳt*e*	spasm	prom'ontŏry

SECTION IV.

THE DISHONEST BUTLER.

dis-hon'-est.	pre-tend'-ing.	ear'-nest-ness.
de-ter'-mined.	re-joined'.	des-ti-na'-tion.
ap-pa'-rent.	a-gree'-ment.	as-sist'-ance.
ac-cord'-ing.	un-der-stand'.	char'-ac-ter.

SOME time ago a noble Duke, in one of his walks, bought a cow, and left orders to have it sent to his house the following morning. According to agreement the cow was sent, and the Duke, who happened to be walking in the grounds, saw a little fellow trying in vain to drive the animal to its destination. The boy, not knowing his Grace, called out to him, "Come here, sir, and help me with this beast."

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined to have a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, he walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance. At last the boy cried out in a tone of apparent distress, "Come and help me, and I'll give you half of whatever I get." This last appeal had the desired effect.

The Duke went and lent a helping hand. "And now," said he, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?" "Oh, I don't know," said the boy; "but I am sure of something, for the folk up at the house are good to everybody."

As they approached the house the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way. He called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He returned to the walk, and was soon rejoined by the boy. "Well, how much did you get?" said the former. "A shilling, and there is the half of it to you." "But you surely got more than a shilling." "No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness; "that is all I got. Do you not think it is plenty?" "I do not; there must be some mistake, and if you return, I fancy I can get you more." The boy consented, so back they went.

The Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said his Grace to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling." "It was that man there," pointing to the butler. The guilty man confessed his crime, and attempted an excuse; but his Grace stopped him, and ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and to quit his service instantly. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character by your covetousness; learn henceforth to be honest."

ANON.

TEA.

re-fresh'-ing.	bev'-er-age.	u'-su-al-ly.
e-stab'-lished.	pro-du'-cing.	con-sump'-tion.
trans-plant'-ed.	suf-fic'-ient.	in-fu'-sion.
ex-pand'-ed.	ca-mel'-lias.	be-gin'-ning.

THE name Tea is applied both to the liquid in which the leaves of the Tea-plant have been infused and to

the dried leaves themselves. At one time Tea was thought to be hurtful to health, but this opinion has proved to be untrue; for all classes, both rich and poor, throughout the land, partake of this refreshing beverage, and with the best results. The use of Tea has become so general in the British Isles that above seventy millions of pounds weight is imported every year.

Most of the Tea used in this country is brought from China, where it is grown over a very large extent of land. It is also cultivated in Japan, Cochin-China, and Assam. It is chiefly grown on hilly ground not suited to the growth of corn. The rearing of the plant requires great skill, and after the leaves are gathered both time and trouble are required to make them ready for the market.

The Tea-plant is an evergreen shrub of the same species as the camellias, whose beautiful flowers adorn our hot-houses. It grows to a height of from three to five feet. The stem is bushy, with a great many very leafy branches. It bears white flowers, which are slightly fragrant. Sometimes two or three of these flowers hang close together on separate stalks. In Japan the king and the grandees used to drink only an infusion of these, which is more wholesome than the leaf, and of finer flavour, but it is so dear that none but the wealthiest people can afford to buy it.

The Tea-plant is produced in China from seeds gathered in October, and kept mixed up with sand and earth during the winter. The seeds are sown sometimes in the rows where they are to grow, and

sometimes in a corner of the Tea-farm, whence, when they are about a year old, they are transplanted. The rows are usually about four feet apart. The young plants are allowed to grow till they are well established, and are producing strong shoots, before the first gathering of the leaves. Sometimes the first gathering takes place in the second, sometimes in the third year. It begins about the fifth of April, and consists of the young leaf-buds just beginning to unfold. These form Pekoe, the best kind of black tea. About the end of April or beginning of May, when the leaves are fully expanded, a second gathering takes place. In June and July two other crops of leaves are taken off the plants, and again in August or September the last crop is obtained. It consists of large and old leaves, and is of small value.

When a sufficient quantity of leaves has been gathered they are carried to the cottage, barn, or public factory, to be separated into the different qualities, according to the kind of Tea. The leaves are then put into round and very shallow pans or trays of thin iron, which are laid in shady places in the open air to dry. After this they are roasted in thin iron pans over a fire of wood, the roaster tossing them from side to side, and keeping them in constant motion. If any leaves begin to burn they are instantly thrown out. They undergo several other processes, after which they are packed into chests by men who tread them firmly down with their feet. In these chests they are then sent away to the market for sale.

The different qualities of Tea have a great many names, but they are all obtained from two species of plants called the *Thea Bohea* and *Thea viridis*. Green Tea, which is got from the young leaves of either of these plants, is believed to be the best.

It is fully more than two hundred years since Tea was first brought into England; but at that time it was sold at so high a price (about ten pounds sterling per pound weight) that it was known only to a few persons who had dealings with Eastern countries. About a hundred years ago it came into more general use, as in the year 1721 about one million pounds were imported. Since that time the consumption of Tea has been always increasing, year by year, in this country. It is said to have been used in China during the last thousand years.

COMPILED.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

fag'-got.	tot'-ter-ing.	stiff'-en-ing.
in-clem'-ent.	droop'-ing.	toil'-some.
wrin'-kled.	tap'-ping.	com'-fort-a-ble.
blas'-ing.	hos'-pi-ta-ble.	flock'-ing.

AROUND the fire one wintry night
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint am I, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek

The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

MANKIND.

fol'-low-ing. | gen-er-a'-tion. | ill'-ness-es. | in-an'-i-mate.

SOME animals live a long time, and others live but a very short time. Dogs are known to live till they are fourteen or fifteen years old; and some horses live for more than twenty years. But little birds live only a few years; and most insects do not live more than one year, while some live only a single hour. The smallest kind of gnats sport for a short space of time in the beams of the sun, and then drop down, and are seen no more.

All animals are male or female, and have young animals like themselves, which they leave behind them at their death. The young ones grow old in their turn, and then leave other young ones to come after them. This is called the following of one generation after another. Human beings live longer than most other animals. Some men and women live till they are above eighty years of age; but many die from illnesses when they are infants. The young people who are now at school, and growing

up, will perhaps live to be old people like their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers; but they will not live for ever. All must die and leave room for new generations.

When a body is dead, all its life is gone. It can neither see, feel, nor move; it is an inanimate object, and is so unpleasing to look upon that it is buried in the ground, where it moulders into dust, and is no more seen on earth. But although the bodies of mankind die and are buried, they have souls which live for ever, and which are given up to God who gave them. It is proper that we should live so purely that we may not be afraid to die, or to yield our souls at death to our Heavenly Maker.

"RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE."

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—AGAINST CRUELTY AND PRIDE.

re-gard'-eth.	in-her'-it.	in'-no-cent.
be-liev'-eth.	hu-mil'-i-ty.	dis-crē'-tion.
right'-eous-ness.	com-pan'-ion.	i-mag-i-na'-tions.

A RIGHTEOUS man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. The words of the wicked are to lie in wait for blood: but the mouth of the upright shall deliver them. The merciful man doeth good unto his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh. He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life and honour.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not

thine heart be glad when he stumbleth: lest the Lord see it, and it displease Him, and He turn away His wrath from him. If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

These six things doth the Lord hate, yea seven are an abomination unto him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief. A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom. In the mouth of the foolish is a rod of pride: but the lips of the wise shall preserve them. The Lord will destroy the house of the proud. Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. An high look, and a proud heart, and the ploughing of the wicked, is sin.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, honour, and life. Put not forth thyself in presence of the king, and stand not in the place of great men. For better is it that it be said unto thee, Come up hither; than that thou shouldest be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen.

THE MONTHS.

daf'-fo-dil. | gil'-li-flowers. | pheas'-ant. | Christ'-mas

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

FEBRUARY brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

MARCH brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

APRIL brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

MAY brings flocks of pretty lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

JUNE brings lilies, tulips, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot **JULY** brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gilliflowers.

AUGUST brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm **SEPTEMBER** brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh **OCTOBER** brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull **NOVEMBER** brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill **DECEMBER** brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat!

SARAH COLERIDGE.

THE DOG DANDIE.

Ed'-in-burgh.	seem'-ing-ly.	cun'-ning-ly.
sen'-si-ble.	co-ca'-ion.	sur-prised'.
bis'-cuit.	con-tempt'.	for-got'-ten.

A GENTLEMAN in Edinburgh had a dog of the Newfoundland breed, named Dandie, which seemed to know every word his master said to him.

One evening this gentleman had some visitors in his house, one of whom dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Seeing the dog sitting in a corner, looking quite as if he knew nothing about what was passing, his master said to him, "Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall get a biscuit." He had no sooner spoken than the dog jumped upon the table, and laid down the shilling, which he had cunningly picked up without having been seen.

On another occasion, the gentleman, returning home rather late at night, found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it anywhere in the room after the strictest search. He then said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack; search for it." The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened. Dandie set off to a distant part of the house, and soon returned carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master had left that morning under a sofa, but had forgotten the fact.

A number of gentlemen who knew Dandie well

were daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he took to a baker's shop and bought bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, when passing along the street, was met by Dandie, who trotted along by his side looking up eagerly for his usual present. He then said to the dog, "I have not a penny just now, but I have one at home." Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic the gentleman gave the dog a bad one, which he as usual carried to the baker, but was refused his bread as the money was bad. Dandie took up the bad penny, walked back to the gentleman's door, at which he scraped, and when the servant opened it he laid down the penny at her feet, and marched off seemingly with the greatest contempt.

One Sunday when it was not likely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was seen bringing home a loaf. Somewhat surprised at this his master desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task the dog seemed quite easy about the matter, till she went toward the bed, when he ran to her and gently drew her back from it. The gentleman then took hold of the dog while the servant went under the bed, where she found sevenpence halfpenny under a bit of cloth; but from that time Dandie never could endure the girl. After this he was seen to hide his money in the corner of a sawpit under the dust.

CAPTAIN BROWN.

LIFE AND DEATH.

bri'-dal. | bud'-ding. | num'-bered. | vir'-tu-ous.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose budding beauty gave
Delight to every gazer's eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet summer, full of birds and flowers,
Whose songs and perfumes rise on high,
Thou, too, hast but thy numbered hours,
For all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Whose purity with snow may vie,
Although the whole world turn to coal,
Shall never die.

HERBERT.

THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

de-vice'. | Lan'-cas-ter. | Lan-cas'-tri-an. | proc'-ess.

THE great civil war, of which I now speak, and amid the fury of which some of the best houses in England fell to rise no more, got the name of the "War of the Roses" from a very simple cause. As the chiefs on both sides claimed the throne by right of blood, and both bore the same device on their

shields and the same crests on their helmets; and as in those days soldiers were not clad as now, but wore in the field steel armour over their clothes, a need arose, in order to prevent mishaps, that there should be in the banners of one a device which should not be found in those of the other. Chance led two ladies, ere yet the war had begun, into a public garden, where they began to talk of the great subject of the day. The one wished success to the House of Lancaster, and the other was in favour of the House of York. Their words grew more and more warm as they went on, till at last the Lancastrian lady plucked a red rose from its stem, and cried, "As this flower goes far beyond all the flowers of the garden in beauty, so is King Henry's right far above that of his rival." "Nay," cried the other; "I can show you a fairer flower than yours, and its stainless beauty is a fit emblem of the rights of him whom I support." On this she plucked a white rose, and put it in her breast. The tale got abroad, and the heads of the rival houses, charmed with the romance of the event, were seen in the streets forthwith, one set with red roses, the other with white, in their vests. From the vests of these knights, in process of time, the roses passed into their helmets in time of war; till by and by their wives and daughters worked them into their banners. And thus came that war to be called "The war of the roses"—than which none ever wrought to England greater harm at the time, or proved perhaps the cause of greater good in ages that came after.

GLEIG'S "ENGLAND."

BILL, THE FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.

de-scend'-ing. | won'-der-ful. | po-lice'-men. | en-graved'.

THERE is a fine band of men in London who have charge of the fire-escapes. Fire-escapes are very long ladders set upon wheels, so that they may be easily moved from one place to another wherever a fire breaks out. They are then placed up against the walls of the house on fire, and by and by the people get safely down from the windows. These ladders are very useful, and are the means of saving the lives of many people who might otherwise be burned to death, as the houses in London are very high, and the stairs are often burning too, so that the only way of escape is by coming out at the window, and descending the ladder. Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of these men, has saved more than one hundred men, women, and children from the flames! Much of Wood's success, however, is due to his wonderful dog Bill. Around his neck the people of the parish in which he lives have placed a silver collar in token of his many services during the nine years that he has filled the post of "Fire-escape Dog."

Bill, like his master, has to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty during the whole of the night. On this account he sleeps in the day time close to his master's bed. He never runs out of doors until the hour when the firemen must go to the station where the fire-escapes are kept.

Bill does not allow his master to sleep too long.

He is sure to wake him if he is likely to be too late. How the dog knows the time is a puzzle, but the fact is he does know it somehow. When the fire-escape is wheeled out of the station at nine o'clock Bill is promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire is heard, Bill, who is at other times very quiet, now begins to bark with great fury. Wood does not need to spring his rattle, for the policemen all around know Bill's bark so well that they at once come up to render help.

If the alarm of fire takes place when but few people are in the streets Bill runs round to the coffee-houses near, and, pushing open the door, gives his well-known bark, as much as to say, "Come and help me, men; come and help." Bill has not to bark in vain. His call is cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when Bill immediately seizes hold of it, and, like a herald, runs on before his master. When the ladder is set up against a house, Bill is at the top before his active master has reached half-way. He jumps into the rooms, and, amidst thick smoke and flames, runs from room to room, helping his master to find out and rescue the poor inmates.

On one occasion the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so thick, that Wood and another man were not able to find their way out. They feared that they would be lost; but Bill seemed at once to know the danger in which his kind master was placed, and began to bark. Wood and his comrade, knowing this to be the signal "Follow me," at once crawled after Bill, and in a

few moments they were led to the window, and thus their lives were saved.

Richly does Bill deserve his silver collar, on which the following lines are engraved:—

I am the Fire-escape man's dog, my name is Bill;
When "Fire" is called I'm never still;
I bark for my master, all danger I brave,
To bring the "Escape," man's life for to save.

Poor Bill, like human beings, has had his trials and sufferings as well as his honours. At one fire he fell through a hole burned in the floor into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he was run over, but with careful doctoring he was soon able to return to his duties.

"Band of Hope."

ENGLAND'S OAK.

gor'-geous.	love'-li-ness.	be-night'-ed.
lan'-guid.	au'-tumn.	tri-umph'-ant.
Por'-tu-gal.	mis'-tle-toe.	fa'-vour-ite.

Let India boast her spicy trees,
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
Its rich and rare perfume.
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange-groves,
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as these all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall.
'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
Its greenness to the grave;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness
As maiden's flowing hair.
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen;
Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me;
My favourite, and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round,
O'er man and beast below.

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath;

But, having opened, plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
Its strength supports life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill;—
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the battle's storm;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above
Of Gospel truths sublime.

Oh! then, triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
A second glorious ARK.
On earth, the forest's honoured king!
Man's castle on the sea!
Who will, another tree may sing;
Old England's Oak for me!

BERNARD BARTON.

ALNASKER.

Per'-sian. | a-mus'-ing. | thou'-sand. | pur'-chase.

ALNASKER was a very idle fellow, that would never set his hand to work during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of a hundred pounds in Persian money. In order to make the best of it he laid it out in glasses and bottles, and the finest china. These he piled up in a large open basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall of his shop in the hope that many people would come in to buy. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into an amusing train of thought, and talked thus to himself: "This basket," says he, "cost me a hundred pounds, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling in retail. These two hundred shall in course of trade rise to ten thousand, when I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn a dealer in pearls and diamonds, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got as much wealth as I can desire, I will purchase the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. Then I shall set myself on the footing of a prince, and will ask the grand Vizier's daughter to be my wife. As soon as I have married her, I will buy her ten black servants, the youngest and best that can be got for money.

"When I have brought this princess to my house, I shall take care to breed her in due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own rooms, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her.

Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to take her into my favour. Then will I, to impress her with a proper respect for my person, draw up my leg and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnasker was entirely absorbed with his ideas, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that, striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grand hopes, he kicked his glasses to a great distance into the street, and broke them into a thousand pieces.

"SPECTATOR."

IVORY.

el'-e-phants.	or'-na-ment.	A-si-at'-ic.
trans-pa'-rent.	ex-ten'-sive.	de-pos'-it.
hip-po-pot'-a-mus.	cal'-cu-la-ted.	in'-dus-try.

IVORY is a dental substance something between bone and horn. It is obtained from the tusks of the elephants of Asia and Africa; also both from the tusks and teeth of the walrus, the narwhal, and the hippopotamus. In the plains lying amid the Altai mountains in Asiatic Russia there are such extensive deposits of fossil elephants' tusks that the inhabitants practise *ivory mining* as an important branch of industry. The fruit of a species of palm-tree from Peru is imported under the name of vegetable ivory. The ivory of the elephant is the

most tender, and becomes soonest yellow when exposed to the air. The ivory of the hippopotamus is much harder and whiter, and is on that account preferred by dentists for making teeth.

The tusks of the elephant, however, furnish the chief supply of ivory. African tusks are better than the Indian, being denser in texture and not so liable to get yellow. The African tusks, when newly cut, are of a warm, mellow, transparent tint, in which state they are called *green ivory*. Asiatic ivory, when cut up, appears more like the African which has been long exposed to the air, and inclines to become yellow. The African variety works harder, and takes a better polish than the other. The demand for ivory is so great, both for ornament and use, and the supply so constant, that surprise may well be felt how the noble race of animals which yield it has not long since become extinct. A few years ago it was calculated that to supply the demand for ivory in Sheffield alone would require the annual slaughter of more than twenty thousand elephants. Many broken and shed tusks gathered in the forests of Asia and Africa, and the produce of the fossil ivory mines in Russia and Siberia no doubt help greatly to meet the demands of trade, the fossil ivory being as useful as any other kind. Sometimes it happens that the musket ball of a huntsman which failed to kill an elephant has sunk into its tusk, and been covered over with a fresh deposit of bony matter, to the great injury of the ivory. Gold and silver bullets have on a few rare occasions been found, showing that the shot had been fired by royal hands.

The Indians and Chinese are famous for their beautiful carvings in ivory. Ornaments of this substance should not be kept on a chimney-piece, which is much exposed to the heat of the fire. The action of the moisture contained in the air, in varying the length of ivory, is considerable, so much so that ivory drawing scales are not to be relied on in accurate work. Scales of box-wood and lance-wood are much to be preferred.

COMPILED.

THERE IS A CALM.

chas'-en-ing.	glo'-ri-ous.	mould'-er-ing.
or'-i-gin.	Prov'-i-dence.	im-mor'-tal.
pros'-trate.	tran'-sient.	me'-te-or.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found—
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions, all His children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake—
He wounds to heal.

Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate, His providence adore;—
'Tis done! arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SUGAR.

chem'-ist.	man-u-fac'-ture.	per-en'-nial.
trop'-i-cal.	a'-pri-cots.	a-bun'-dant.
im-por'-tant.	con'-ti-nent.	sci-en-tif'-ic.

CHEMISTS have pointed out four or five different kinds of sugar. Of these the most important are cane-sugar and grape-sugar. Cane-sugar is got from the cane, the maple-tree, beet-root, and the sap of many other plants. Grape-sugar occurs in a great many fruits, such as grapes, gooseberries, currants, peaches, and apricots.

The sugar-cane has been grown in India from the

remotest times, and was brought first into Arabia, and thence into Europe, Africa, and the West Indies. The practice of sweetening food is older than the knowledge of sugar. The ancients used honey for the purpose, and when the sweet produce of the cane became known it was called "reed honey." The refining of sugar was begun in England about the year 1544, but loaves of sugar are spoken of as being sold in Scotland in 1329.

The sugar-cane is a perennial plant, which requires a moist soil and a tropical climate. It varies in height from six to fifteen feet, and from one and a-half to two inches in thickness. Its stalk is knotty, with a leaf and an inner joint at each knot. The joints of the stalk vary in number from forty to sixty, and in one sort they are as many as eighty. Every joint contains a bud, which encloses the germ of a new cane. The first joint takes four or five months for its complete growth, during which fifteen or twenty spring from it, one after another. The decay of the leaf shows when each joint is ripe, and when the leaves of the lower joints have withered there still remain a number of leaves at the top, arranged like a fan. When the canes are ripe they are cut close to the ground, as the lowest joint contains the richest juice. The cane-tops, with one or two joints, are cut off and rejected, as the juice of those parts is watery. The canes are then tied up in bundles and sent to the crushing-mill, the amount of work done by the mill showing what quantity of canes should be cut; for if the canes are kept many hours they will ferment and spoil.

About fourteen tons of good ripe cane produce fifteen hundred gallons of juice, which are required for making one hogshead of sugar.

In France a very large quantity of sugar is made from beet-root. The manufacture began about the year 1807, and has gradually extended through other countries of Europe. It is said that about three hundred and sixty millions of pounds of beet-root sugar are produced on the Continent, of which France produces about one-half. White beet is the variety of this plant most in repute for yielding sugar, and it differs in no respect from mangold-wurzel. Some time ago a company was formed for the making of beet-root sugar in Ireland, and the fact has now been proved that the climate and soil of that country are well adapted to the sugar-beet, and that the roots produced there are equal, if not superior, in quality, to those of France or Belgium. It is said that the sugar obtained from beet now amounts to nearly one-twelfth part of the gross weight of the roots. If there were no excise duty levied on beet-root sugar it could be produced in this country and sold with a profit at twopence halfpenny a pound.

The tree called the sugar-maple is famous for the sap it yields, from which excellent sugar is made all over Canada, and in many parts of the United States. About twenty-seven thousand tons of this maple-sugar is produced annually. Maple groves, as collections of these trees are called, are considered of great value on the farms in Canada. The juice is collected in February and March, when the sap is most abundant, for which purpose two holes are

bored on the south side of the tree, a few inches apart, and about eighteen inches from the ground. They are made to slope upwards, and not to go more than half an inch deep into the white bark of the stem. Wooden pipes are put into the holes thus formed, and the juice is allowed to flow during about six weeks into wooden troughs, from which it is removed every two or three days, to be boiled and made into sugar.

If the milk of any animal be taken and the curd separated, as is done in ordinary cheese-making, and then the whey boiled, so as to remove a portion of the water, the remaining whey gradually deposits a number of crystals, which are found to be a variety of sugar, to which the name of milk-sugar has been given. It is not so sweet to the taste, nor so easily dissolved in water, as cane or grape-sugar, and it is harder and grittier when chewed than they are. Milk-sugar is never sold in this country except for scientific purposes, but in Switzerland it forms an article of commerce.

COMPILED.

AN ITALIAN BOAT SONG.

sai'-lor. | hoar'-y. | si-roc'. | ves'-sel.

THE moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light
As the stag bounds o'er the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in its chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it,
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale
Which perils the sailor's joy;
But wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

Translated by SIR E. B. LYTTON.

ROBERT AND FRANK.

fright'-ened.	de-ter'-mined.	hap'-pened.
cow'-ard-ly.	di-rect'-ly.	neigh'-bour-hood.
re-mem'-ber.	hes'-i-tat-ing.	min'-utes.

"COME," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep; let us go and waken him, and he will play with us." "Oh yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together towards the hearth to awake the dog.

Now there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see whereabouts

it stood. As they were both playing with the dog they kicked the basin with their feet, whereby it was thrown down, and broken, and all the milk ran out. When the little boys saw what they had done they were very sorry and frightened. Robert spoke first. "So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and sighed. "No milk for supper! Why not?" said Frank. "Is there no milk in the house?" "Yes; but we shall have none of it; for do you not remember, last Monday, when we threw down the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so we should have no milk for supper?" "Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time: come, let's run and tell mother. You know she bids us always tell her directly when we break anything." "I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank—can't you stay a minute?" So Frank stayed, and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet; I am afraid."

Little boys, I advise you never to be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "Stay a minute," and "Stay a little longer," but run directly and tell what you have done that is wrong. The longer you stay the more afraid you will grow, till at last, perhaps, you will not dare to tell the truth at all. Hear what happened to Robert. The longer he staid the more unwilling he was to go and tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down, and at last Frank went without him in search of his mother.

Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert being left in

the room alone, said to himself; "If Frank and I were both to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am very sorry Frank has gone to tell her about it." Just as he said this to himself he heard his mother coming down stairs. "Oh ho!" said he; "and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so I may say what I please." Then this cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin and the milk spilled, she stopped short, and cried, "So, so; what a piece of work is here! Who did this, Robert?" "I don't know, ma'am," said Robert, in a very low voice. "You don't know, Robert! Tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you—I would rather have you break all the basins I have than tell one lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?" "No, ma'am, I did not," and he coloured as red as fire. "Then where's Frank? Did he do it?" "No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it. "How do you know," said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?" "Because—because—because, ma'am," said Robert, hesitating, as liars do for an excuse, "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it." "Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time you can tell." Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it." "Did you see him do it?" said his mother. "Yes," said the wicked boy. "Trusty,

Trusty," said his mother, turning round; "fie! fie! Trusty; get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this." Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother. He stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done. "No; I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! and is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beat for it. Let me go to my mother." They both ran towards the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house door that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head, but HE could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window. "Stop, stop, dear mother; stop!" cried he, as loud as ever he could call; "Trusty did not do it—I and Robert did it; but do not beat Robert." "Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew at once to be that of his father, who always whipped him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door and unlocked it. "What's all this?" cried his father as he came in; and being told all that had happened; "Where," said he, "is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him severely, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time and I will never tell a lie again." But his father caught hold of him by the arm and said: "I will whip you now,

and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him. "There," said his father, when he had done, "now go without supper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served." Then turning to Frank, "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and everybody is pleased with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you. I will give you the little dog Trusty to be your own dog; you have saved him a beating, and I'll answer for it you will be a good master to him. To-morrow I'll go to the brazier's and get a new collar made for him; from this day forward he shall be called after you, FRANK. And, wife, whenever any of the neighbours' children ask you why the dog TRUSTY is to be called FRANK, tell them this story of our two boys, and let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

im'-po-tent-ly. | glit'-ter-ing. | ce-lest'-ial. | sy'-ren.

WHO sleeps below?—who sleeps below?—
It is an idle question all;
Ask of the breezes as they blow,
Say do they heed or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice—an empty sound!

Then, what is life, when thus we see
No trace remain of life's career?
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here.
Putt'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?—
'Tis doomed that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame,
But, like the dewdrop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour.

The soul decays not; freed from earth,
And earthly coils, it bursts away,
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through Heaven's eternal year!

Do good, shun evil, live not thou
As if at death thy being died;
Nor Error's syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

D. M. Moir.

READING COLUMNS.

ch = k.	ph = f.	ue *silent.*	-ish'un, &c.
Cho'rus	Ser'aph	Rōgue (rōg)	Admonition
choir (*quire*)	tri'umph	vōgue	disposition
chol'er	ôr'phan	plāgue	apparition
an'chŏr	sapph'ire	vāgue	competition
āche	phan'tŏm	lēague	inquisition
hĕad'āche	phys'ic	col'league	disquisition
cha'os	pha'e-tŏn	ec'logue	rhetorician
ech'o	eph'ŏd	prol'ogue	geometrician
e'poch	cy'pher	ped'a-gogue	politician
scheme	zeph'yr	dem'a-gogue	arithmetician
school	pam'phlet	syn'a-gogue	mathematician
schol'ar	em'pha-sis	dec'a-logue	prejudicial
chem'ist	blas'phe-my	di'a-logue	superficial
eu'nuch	al'pha-bet	cat'a-logue	complexion
mon'arch	el'e-phant	ep'i-logue	crucifixion
te'trarch	at'mos-phere	mon'o-logue	obnoxiously

Differences to be noted.

arch- *before a vowel sounds* ärk, *before a consonant* ärtsh.

Ral'ly	Glōws	Līve	Rhī-noc'er-os
re-ly'	gloss	līve	ī-den'ti-ty
re'al-ly	toes	ca-reer'	ī-den'ti-fy
du'ly	toss	car'ri-er	prī-mo-gen'i-ture
Ju-ly'	grōws	com'mŏn	vī-ca'ri-ous
al'ley	grōss	com-mune'	prī-va-teer'
al-ly'	goal	a-lärm'	Arch-ān'gel (k)
al-loy'	gāol	a-lar'um	Arch-i-pel'a-go
al'leys	ve'nal	de-crease'	arch'i-tect
al-lies'	ve'ni-al	de-crees'	arch-i-tec'ture
en'vy	ge'nus	de-cease'	arch'i-trave
en'voy	ge'ni-us	dis-ease'	arch'e-tȳpe
sal'low	se'ri-es	vi'o-let	arch'ives
sal'ly	se'ri-ous	vi'o-late	Arch-duke (tsh)
fol'low	glos'sy	block-ade'	arch-duch'ess
fol'ly	glas'sy	block'-hĕad	arch-bish'ŏp
sor'row	rel'ic	sôl'der	arch-dea'con

Primitives and Derivatives, generally with a change in the quality of the Vowel.

Cave	cav'i-ty	Ac-cept'	ac'cep-ta-ble
chāste	chas'ti-ty	ac-cess'	ac'ces-sa-ry
chēer	chēer'ful	ad-mire'	ad'mi-ra-ble
clēan	clēan-ly	ad-ver-tise'	ad-ver'tise-ment
cōurt	cour'te-ous	au-stere'	au-ster'i-ty
crime	crim'i-nal	chas-tise'	chas'tise-ment
dra'ma	dram'a-tist	com-pare'	com'-par-a-ble
di-vine'	di-vin'i-ty	com-pose'	com-pos'i-tor
lyre	lyr'i-cal	com-mend'	com'men-da-ble
ma'ni-a	ma-ni'a-cal	con-spire'	con-spir'a-cy
me'tre	met'ri-cal	de-fame'	de-fam'a-tŏr-y
mi'ser	mis'er-a-ble	de-fine'	de-fin'i-tive
na'tion	nă'tion-al	de-prave'	de-prav'i-ty
na'ture	nat'u-ral	dis-ci'-ple	dis'ci-pline
o-paque'	o-pac'i-ty	dis-creet'	dis-crē'tion
pa'rent	par'en-tage	de-rive'	de-riv'a-tive
pe'nal	pen'al-ty	de-spise'	des'pi-ca-ble
pi'ous	im'pi-ous	ex-plain'	ex-plan'a-tŏr-y
pre-side'	pres'i-dent	ex-treme'	ex-trem'i-ty
pri'vate	priv'a-cy	hu-mane'	hu-man'i-ty
rail	rail'ler-y	im-pede'	im-ped'i-ment
ra'ti-o	ră'tion-al	lo-qua'cious	lo-quac'i-ty
re-late'	rel'a-tive	main-tain'	main'te-nance
re-side'	res'i-dent	ob-lique'	ob-liq'ui-ty
re-vere'	rev'er-ence	pre-fer'	pref'er-a-ble
shade	shad'ow	pre-pare'	pre-par'a-tive
sphere	spher'i-cal	re-voke'	rev'o-ca-ble
se-rene'	se-ren'i-ty	se'quence	con-sec'u-tive
se-vere'	se-ver'i-ty	sin-cere'	sin-cer'i-ty
vile	vil'i-fy	sub-lime'	sub-lim'i-ty
vine	vine'yard	su-preme'	su-prem'a-cy
zēal	zēal'ous	ty'rant	tyr'an-ny
thēre	thēre'fore	as-pire'	as-pi-ra'tion
game	gam'ble	la'bour	la-bo'ri-ous
na'vy	nav'i-gate	o-blige'	ob-li-ga'tion
prime	prim'er	pa'tron	pat'ron-age
vice	vic'ious	plēase	plēas'ant

Words apt to be Mistaken or Mispronounced.

Bôrn	Woûnd	Crea'ture	Ac'mĕ
bōrne	wound (ow)	Cre-a'tŏr	sim'i-le
môrn	corps *s.* (kōr)	cham'pai*g*n	e-pit'o-me
mōurn	cōrps *pl.* (kōrs)	cham-pā*g*ne' (sh)	rec'i-pe
fôrm	côrpse	pre-ce'dent	ex-tem'po-re
fōrm	i'ron (i'urn)	prec'e-dent	a-pos'tro-phe
bōw *n.*	a'pron (urn)	in-val'id	ca-tas'tro-phe
bow *v.*	saffron	in'va-lid (ē)	hy-per'bo-le
lōw *a.*	of (*ov*)	in-ge'ni-ous	Eu-ro-pe'an
low *v.*	where-of' (f)	in-gen'u-ous	*ch*ar'ac-ter-īse
bōard	a-buse' (z)	spa'cious	nat'u-ral-īse
broâd	a-buse'	spe'cious	ir-rev'o-ca-ble
*s*aid (e)	dif-fuse'	spe'cies	irrep'arable
sāid *a.*	dif-fuse' (z)	spec'ial	incor'rigible
rēad	con-jure'	bur'y (er)	intel'ligible
rĕad	cŏn'jure	bus'y (iz)	irref'ragable
lēad	clēan'ly *a.*	busi'ness	mis'anthrōpe
lead	clēan'ly *ad.*	par-têrre' (ā)	suc'cessor
clōse (z)	ra'ri-ty	beau (ō)	an'cestral
clōse	rar'i-ty	beaux (bōz)	ad'miralty
house (z)	rar'i-fy	ya*ch*t (yaut)	ex'emplary
house	mâs'ter	cyl'in-der	disin'terested
use (z)	Mr. (Mister)	co-quet'ry	con'versant
use	mis'tress	colonel (kur)	ap'erture
thêre (ā)	Mrs. (Missus)	lieu-ten'ant (v)	fig'ūrative
there e.	hu'man	bay'o-net	är'bitrary
ra'ven *n.*	hu-mane'	se-ra*g*l'io	lam'entable
rav'en *v.*	sa'vour	sĕi*g*niŏr	hered'itary
wŏnt	Sāv'iour	victuals (vit'tlz)	extra*ô*r'dinary
wōn't	sa-ti'e-ty	vis'count (vī)	arbit'ra-ment
cant	so-ci'e-ty	fran'chise (is)	arith'metic
cän't	gen'tle	ren'-dez-voûs	rep'u-ta-ble
dōn't	gen-teel'	*c*our'te-sy	com-pla'cent
soûs	Gen'tile	*c*ourt'esy	com-pl*a*i-sant'

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